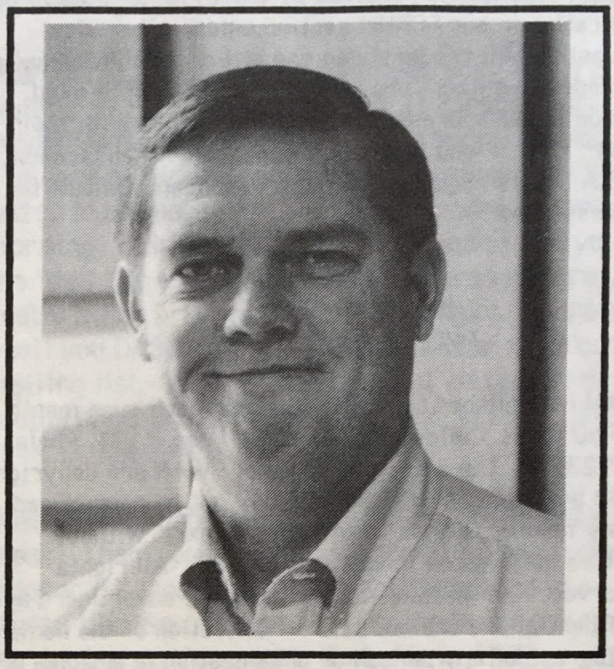
SWAN

AUGUST, 1988

WARNING: THIS MAGAZINE IS DESIGNED FOR ADULT READERS WHO ENJOY GAY, SEXUALLY ORIENTED ENTERTAINMENT. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIALS, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER.

EDITORIAL



BOY, did we stir up a hornet's nest when we suggested that we should call ourselves SWANEROS instead of SWANNIES. Looks like it's every man for himself. Hell, even THE FRIAR doesn't like "SWANEROS." But, who listens to the damned editor anyway? AARON's hunk lover called up and facetiously (I hope) suggested that we call ourselves SWANSTIKAS and march around in brown shirts and red arm bands. A subscriber in San Francisco (where else?) recommended that we call ourselves SWAN DEVILS and ride around on motorcycles like the older gang in EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE, the Clint Eastwood movie. A model from the East Coast recommended that we fake Australian accents and call ourselves SWANEROOS. Very funny, guys. Call yourselves "GEESE" for all I care.

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We wish to advise our readers that SWAN has been banned in England--you read correctly--**GREAT BRITIAN**. You know.....the cradle of civility and all that shit. From what we can ascertain, many of our issues sent to England have been confiscated and the addressees have been threatened with prosecution if they attempt to pick up their mail. Henceforth, all mail to England will be mailed incognito from various parts of this country--provided the reader acknowledges the risks in writing. We've heard that even The ***ADVOCATE*** was confiscated at a book store in London. We now have only one English subscriber left and we're going to protect him come hell or Maggie's homophobia.

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We wish to inform you that we have moved again. Palm Springs didn't work out too well for us and, for those of you who read our article, HORROR STORIES FROM PALM SPRINGS in our December 87 issue, we wish to advise that things got worse--not better. We've therefore moved closer to L.A. to acquire better services, yet stayed far enough away to realize a substantial savings in housing. We will miss the wonderful guys we met while there, however. We maintain that one of the best places to meet a good looking silver fox is at ***Gloria's***, Palm Canyon near Racquet Club in Palm Springs.

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After this issue, it should be quite clear that SWAN has become much more diversified in its fiction. Our Principal Writers have submitted some wonderful, offbeat material and we anticipate a rich variety from all our other contributors. In this issue, we present yet another serialization of a novel. SULJI'S SPHERE is a refreshingly bizarre and erotic fantasy/black comedy/adventure. Written by OCHO, a published author from Chicago, SULJI'S SPHERE will take you on a journey you'll never forget. For those of you who read PET SEMETARY by Steven King and were shattered by how King could knock you over with one, short sentence--be prepared for Ocho's ending to SULJI'S SPHERE, which will curl your toenails.

PATRICK H. COLLEY, EDITOR

All correspondence received by SWAN is considered for publication in our FORUM section,unless otherwise requested. All readers who request general information on models, writers, photographers and artists must include a self addressed, stamped envelope with their letter. Those who have a question about their account, no S.A.S.E. is required. All correspondence should be addressed to:

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

3 FORUM
4 PUBLICATION POLICIES
4 JOKE CORNER
5 PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS
7 TRAVELIN TIME WITH NEWT DEITER
8 VICTOR ENGANDELA
10 HORNED TOAD--photo by AUDITOR
11 AMSTERDAM NIGHTS--fiction by J.P. WILLIAMS
14 THE WORSHIP--drawing by SCORPIO
19 LEGAL EAGLE
20 VIDEO CORNER
20 ANNOUNCEMENT
21 WILD BILL--photo by J.J. DODGE
22 TIGHT WIRE--fiction by KENN RICHIE
24 TAKES TWO HANDS--drawing by AARON
25 POETRY BY LARRY KERNE
26 SULJI'S SPHERE, Part One--fiction by OCHO
28 UNTITLED--drawing by ALAISTER
32 SELF PORTRAIT by JOHN R.
32 MICHAEL--photo by GEORGE FARRELL
32 SHAG--photo by SIMBA
35 IN THE STOCKROOM--poem by JONATHAN JAY
36 I WAS JUST THINKING by BILL HARRIS
36 POETRY OF MARSH CASSADY
37 PUBLIC EXPOSURE--fiction by RAPTOR
40 SONNY--photo by DONNIE
41 THE ROVING SKEPTIC by XYLOPHANG
42 PERSONAL ADS
46 JOE BISHIP--photo by HARRY HUNGERFORD, JR.
50 THE COLONEL--photo by KENT JUSTICE
54 MR. ADAMS GETS READY HIS TRUSTY BUN WARMER--drawing by RAM
56 BOB-NYC--photo by CRITTER
59 SELF PORTRAIT by SPITFIRE
60 NEWSFRONT
64 IN CLOSING

FORUM

Dear SWAN: What a great magazine! I received my first copy of SWAN and must truly say that I'm extremely impressed. I'm one of your young subscribers (24), who is a true admirer of the older man. I was introduced to SWAN during Mardi Gras by some nice looking gentlemen standing in front of The Rawhide on Mardi Gras day. They were wearing SWAN caps and t-shirts. When I inquired about the meaning of SWAN, they handed me a card. What a blessing, because when I received my first copy, my mouth fell open and I experienced an immediate "rise in my Levis." This is my first subscription to a magazine of this nature--and my most loved magazine. The short stories are fantastic; the drawings by AARON, RAM, SCORPIO and KENT JUSTICE are extremely erotic; the ads are a turn-on. The whole magazine is great. I've introduced several people to SWAN and heard nothing but favorable responses. I realize there is not too many personal ads from my area, but maybe that will change in the future. I also notice that many of your older subscribers are looking for men in their own age group. I'm sure there are many "kids" out there, such as myself, who would give their right nut to meet an older, mature man. The older man has to be the sexiest creature on earth and the most matured, experienced individual around. Keep up the good work!! And remember there are many young men who are in praise of the older man. C.M. - Mississippi.

Dear C.M.: Thanks for your glowing review of our publication. We just love subscribers like you. Yes, many older men are looking for older men, but there are still lots of older guys who like 'em young, too. Strangely, we get quite a few complaints from older guys looking for younger guys and vice versa. They think that we push older for older, which is obviously not true. We urge them to look a little more closely at the ads. We understand from several of our younger subscribers that they got the best results by placing ads themselves. Don't worry. We ultimately benefit all lovers of the Silver Centaur--regardless of age! Stick with us and don't be discouraged. Best, PHC.

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Gentlemen: I received your brochure and must say the men pictured disgust me! They should get all their FAT selves to Weightwatchers. I am 62, weigh 138, have a 30" waist and a 39" chest. I am bald, but not very lined. May I suggest a slogan: **S**WINGERS..**W**ITH...**A**VOIR DUPOIS...**N**EUROSIS. Please delete my name from your mailing list! D.V-L., Los Angeles.

Dear D.V-L.: How very clever you are. And a 30" waist at 62? How IMPRESSIVE !! Most of our readers whould DIE to be an ectomorph like you. They are so DISGUSTED with themselves, you know, and go to bed each night, praying to awaken next morning, looking like a praying mantis. Did you add the "dash" to your name out of pretense, or are you really Dutch? Do your friends--legion, we're sure--call you DASH? Sorry, but you never made our mailing list. We'll make sure that you get on a couple of others, however. Skinny, yes. Bright, no. Love..... THE FAT GUYS AT SWAN.

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Dear SWAN: Good God, I just found out I'm not a freak! Thank you so much! I have just read your October 87 issue and discovered that there are others like me. Believe me, you have not only made my day but perhaps contributed to my future, for I'm also enclosing my subscription form and my personal ad. I was given your magazine by one of your subscribers on a first date as arranged by a local agency. He said he recommended it highly, but would only part with an older issue. It was not only rewarding to find out that I'm not alone but the stories were about men my age and possible real situations with which I can identify. You see, I discovered too late that I should never have married. By this time I had fathered three children and I decided I should see them through to their maturity and self-support before coming out of the closet. They are now on their own but surprisingly married with children of their own. And, finally, I'm divorced on grounds of incompatibility with no knowledge on her part of my preference for men. So now at 62, I'm free and single. I might be in the Autumn of my life but I'm going to live it to the fullest. And, thank you in advance for any possible assistance you can give through the publishing of my personal ad and the hastening of the arrival of the recent issues of SWAN. I'm throwing away all those slick magazines with the pictures of young tricks and looking forward to real love and sex instead of living vicariously. A New England Friend.

Dear N.E.F.: Just stick with us and we'll get you on the right track. From the looks of your ad, the guy who lands you is going to be in for quite an adventure. We're pretty elated that we found you, too. Welcome to our growing corner of the world.

P.H.C.

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Dear SWAN: What a day! I get a dynamite raise at work and, if that wasn't the icing on the cake, then the photo of Michael Maher was the maraschino cherry topped right smack in the center. I just received my April 88 issue today and was casually looking through it and stopped dead in my tracks when I came to that photo. I was paralyzed and couldn't get my eyes off of him. After a few minutes, I put them back in their sockets and remembered that, in the front, you gave a profile of the contributors and tracked down his data. What is a "Prime Timer" contact in L.A.? Whatever he's selling, I'll take a dozen--no, make it two! That face makes my ovaries twitch and that hair on his chest! Get me a cylinder of oxygen! This guy reminds me of my good buddy. He's so handsome, yet he doesn't think so. He says that if I like what I see then that's all that matters. Needless to say (and I do mean needless), I definitely want to see more of Michael--much more--and I'm sure there are a lot more like him around. Besides seeing more of Michael, I'd love to just give him a great big long bearhug. SWAN, you done do'd it again. I'm gonna get my oxygen tank before I pass out. Cheers, R.B., New York.

Dear R.B.: My goodness! You'd better take a tranquillizer, young man. You're not alone in your enthusiasm for Michael Maher, though. Readers are demanding more, MORE, **MORE OF MICHAEL MAHER!!** MIKE? Can you help us out with more photos? P.H.C.

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Dear SWAN: Here is my renewed subscription. Your magazine is a very good value, I think. Do you suppose you could get the Colonel to pose for some more pictures? I should be happy to see him in every issue! And how about one or two stories from time to time in which the sexual excitement took second place to the developing of a loving social and intellectrual relationship? I feel your readership would probably respond positively. C.T., Canada.

Dear C.T.: Thanks for your incredible letter. Incredible because, on the same day, we received the most outrageously hot photo from THE COLONEL for immediate publication (in this issue). Moreover, we have recently started publishing a more varied mix of fiction. We decided that the suck and fuck genre will get old quickly, so we have made plans to introduce gay science fantasy, horror, romance, black comedy and adventure (this issue, too). Stay tuned. We're going places! Best, PHC.

SWAN
PUBLICATION POLICIES

SWAN offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. Because we are still struggling to catch on, we can't pay cash for your creations, but we can surely get you noticed and we can pay you in other ways.

SWAN seeks works that hold the older man in a positive light. They can be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

a. Cartoons.
b. Short Stories, not more than 10 pages, in *any* genre.
c. Drawings, no larger than 8 x 10.
d. Poetry.
e. Essays, not more than 3 pages.
f. Articles --health, reviews, current events, how-to guides, gossip, etc.
g. Photographs--full portrait, undisguised preferred. Will consider nude, clothed, erotic or otherwise. Action photos considered for special issues only. Releases required for all photographs.

Note: All subjects or characters depicted must be over 21 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia or beastiality will not be considered.

All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Payment will be made in SWAN copies, subscriptions or special issues. Unsolicited manuscripts of short stories over 10 pages, novels, novellas, screenplays, plays or any other longer works will not be accepted.

JOKE CORNER

What's the height of rejection? That's when you're jacking off and your hand goes to sleep. (T.M., Sacramento)

PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The following writers/artists/models are featured in this issue and all may be written to. Merely write to them the same way you would write to an advertiser with a bird codeword. Write your letter and stamp it with a 25 cent stamp. In pencil, in the center, write their name, then place the envelope inside another envelope and mail to us.

AARON is a highly talented artist who lives with his equally talented (in the movie and television industries) partner in the L.A. area. He is in his late forties and likes his models over 50, burly and very masculine. AARON is one of our pricipal artists and his greatest works can be found in SWAN's Special January 88 issue.

ALAISTER is a 43 year old Italian/American artist/writer, who hails from Pennsylvania. This tall, slender lover of older men continues his bold, sexy style of drawing in this issue, with more to follow. Appearing in the September 88 Special Issue is his story entitled ON THE DOCKS, which will knock <u>your</u> docks off.

JOE BISHOP is a remarkably popular model from Mississippi and is one of our pioneer SWANEROS. With the help of his lover, HARRY, this strikingly photogenic man brought us a new dimension in photography and helped bring other models out of their closets. If you want to see JOE and HARRY in action, make sure you get the January and September 88 Special Issues.

BOB-NYC is one hell of a man, gentlemen. This wonderful specimen is balding, stocky/wirey, tatooed and about as masculine as they come. See BOB's ad in the New York Section, starting, "BOSS RANGES FROM ROMANCE TO ROUGH." Then.....suffer.

MARSH CASSADY is a distinguished author, playwright, publisher and actor and brings a whole lot of class to our publication. We've already featured Marsh's excellent poetry and will soon present his fiction. Marsh hails from San Diego, where he lives with another SWANERO and poet.

PAT COLLEY, your editor and publisher, retired from the Construction Industry to devote full time to taking care of THE FRIAR; editing and publishing SWAN; and writing novels and short stories--in that order. A native Texan, Pat studied music at North Texas State until he dropped out in 1960 to ***find*** himself, which finally happened in 1985, thanks to THE FRIAR.

THE COLONEL is the big, brawny, hairy, bull-balled lover of KENT JUSTICE and is Kent's favorite model too. This MAN is quiet and very masculine and, when he says something, everyone listens. See the profile on KENT JUSTICE.

NEWT DEITER is a senior and the owner of his own travel agency in Los Angeles. NEWT is always on the go and is one of the most dynamic men we've ever met. This man knows (and is loved by) ***everyone,*** guys, from the most famous, down to the little guys who devour his great column.

VIC ENGANDELA is a very popular Chicago columnist, who has been with us for some time. This wonderful 64 year old writes with a keen perception and has a great style. His work is rich in pathos and brings peace into the lives of many readers. He's a warm, sincere person who genuinely loves our elder brothers--those in their 80's and 90's.

BILL HARRIS also writes a column and has been with us for quite a while. BILL is a very funny and clever writer, capable of nailing it on the head with great accuracy. He is a senior and lives in Boston with his lover.

HORNED TOAD is one of the best looking men we've ever seen. This richly sensuous, massively hung man also has a lot of substance and will break your heart with his sweet stories about his beloved Archie. HORNED TOAD is 56 and lives in New England.

HORSE is one of the best kept secrets going and is one hell of a find by KENT JUSTICE. Since we know absolutely nothing about this man, we cannot accept any correspondence for him. Suffice it to say that we just wanted you to get the thrill of seeing the reason they call this man HORSE.

JONATHAN JAY is a writer/artist who lives with his SWAN model lover in Virginia. JONATHAN JAY's poetry is highly unusual and wonderfully erotic, which aptly describes his artwork. This very talented man also writes quality erotic fiction.

KENT JUSTICE is a bright, handsome, 30ish artist/writer/photographer, who lives along the Gulf Coast with his SWAN model partner, THE COLONEL. KENT and THE COLONEL have been with us for some time now and have brought us countless new subscribers.

LARRY KERNE is a very-well-put-together 72 year old writer from near Santa Barbara. This unique man writes some of the best gay fantasy (the DREAM SPEAKER series) we've ever seen. In his earlier years, he was a Hollywood screenwriter like Kenn Richie and experienced the thrill of seeing his writing come alive on the silver screen.

LEGAL EAGLE is a 55 year old ***SWANERO*** attorney who has practiced law for 30 years, the last 7 years in Southern California. He is single and lives in Los Angeles, where he is a corporate attorney for a major corporation. Now, if we could only find an M.D. with the class and generosity of this wonderful man, we'd have a full service magazine.

MICHAEL is a handsome, hairy, 45 year old hot property who lives in the country, east of San Francisco. This guy likes men over 50 who are NOT skinny and are THICK in the crotch.

OCHO is 50ish freelance writer from Chicago who has written one of the most unusual novels we've ever read. Only the second novel we've ever serialized, OCHO's ***SULJI'S SPHERE*** has it all--feverish sex, black comedy, Air Force Generals with monster dicks, androids, flying saucers and nail biting adventure.

JOHN R. is a European senior SWANERO who has been with us from the very beginning and who has supplied us with some great material. Look for more hot photography and some unique artwork in future issues. If you would like to write this hunk, make sure you place $ .45 worth of stamps on your inside envelope.

RAM, like AARON, is considered one of the best erotic artists on the international gay scene today. RAM, a highly celebrated professional artist, is in his late 40's and lives in Indianapolis with a 68 year old dynamo businessman who is in ***Who's Who.***

RAPTOR is a brilliant writer in his 30's and hails from Kansas City, where he lives with his handsome senior lover. RAPTOR is also a poet and can say in five words what most of us would say in ten. ***Please*** don't get flammable liquid next to his fiction.

KENN RICHIE is the most prolific fiction writer in gay erotica today, and many are saying that he's the best. This Los Angeles senior is an award winning playwright and has written an amazing amount of screenplays which went on to become movies. He is also a devoted ***SWANERO*** and has given us invaluable support.

SCORPIO is an inmate at a prison in the Midwest. He's young, extremely good looking and masculine; and can set a drawing pad on fire. Using at least four distinct styles, this artist never ceases to amaze us and we can't wait until he is released next year.

SHAG is a 41 year old good looker from Denver. This 200 pounder is looking for a short, stocky, big bellied man over 55 and is one of the sweetest, most considerate guys around. A smart man wouldn't let this one stay single much longer.

SONNY is a 58 year old Minnesotan string bean with a dick that would choke a horse. This dude has really helped us out with material for our Special Issues and is featured with a couple of hunks in our Special September 88 issue. You guys who complain that we don't have thin models, take a look at SONNY and shut up.

SPITFIRE is a 47 year old Virginian with a head of white hair and big, powerfully muscled, tatooed arms. At 5'-8" and 200 pounds, this bruiser is a bundle of dynamite and is hung to boot! He's tame, though, and has lived for 23 years with his 71 year old, 300 pound lover.

WILD BILL is a senior from Florida who lives up to his name better than anyone we know. He is a marvelous writer and photographer, as well as an erotically magnetic model. WILD BILL lives with his partner, better known as J.J. DODGE, who is our computer consultant and, on occasion, model agent.

JASON P. WILLIAMS is a very clever and funny chub lover who lives in New York with his gorgeous, hunk of a lover. JASON is a magazine editor and author of highly erotic, well-crafted fiction. Pure talent.

XYLOPHANG is a 52 year old publisher from San Francisco. He is politically liberal and doesn't think too much of organized religion and the present administration. This man makes you think and, on many occasions, won't tell you what you want to hear. He's done his homework, however, and brings an added, healthy dimension to our publication. He's even urged us to acquire a conservative political columnist to counter his views. Love him or hate him, he will never bore you.

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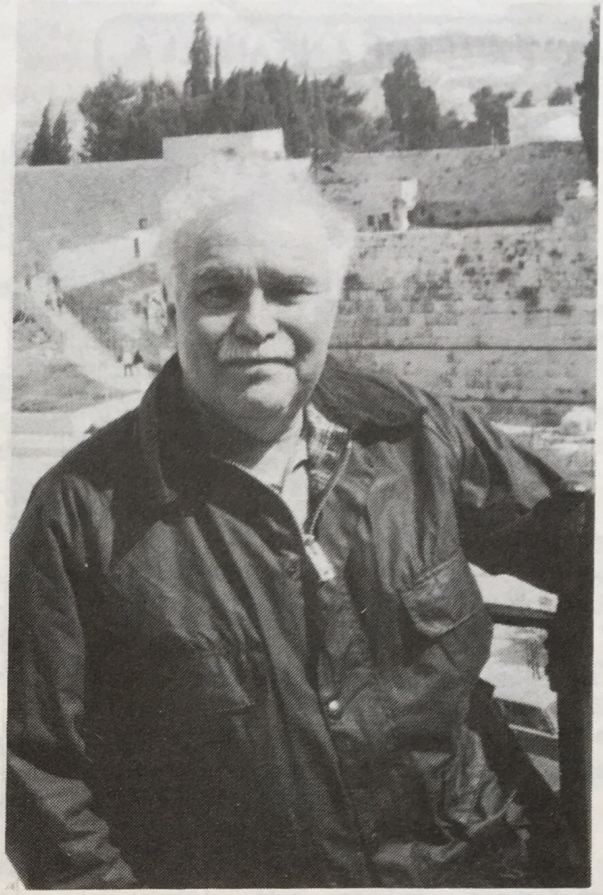
TRAVELIN TIME

with NEWT DEITER



I start writing these words on May 18th. Tomorrow, I leave for England with a group of twenty-five car nuts to explore the haunts of the antique car collector. This is one of those special interest things I do every year and it is always a lot of fun. I've written back to one or two mature types and will enjoy seeing them while I'm over. Since I'll finish up this opus upon my return on June 8th, you'll get all the latest news.

The weekend just past, I flew over to Honolulu for the annual convention of the International Gay Travel Association. I was honored by my peers by being re-elected to a two year term of the Board of Directors of this organization of gay travel professionals. Since this was the first time in almost twenty years that I had been on Oahu, I did some nosing around for you.

I made the usual rounds of Hula's Lei Stand and Bar, Hamburger Mary's and the Godmother, when some one mentioned a delightful little place in one of the local high rises called The Balcony Bar. If any of you get to the Islands, this is one place where guys like you will feel very much at home. The atmosphere and the people really made us more mature types feel welcome.

For a long time, I've had a policy of not booking gay owned guest houses or hotels until I've either seen the establishment myself or had one of my staff members visit it. Usually, this is a good policy and has saved our clients from some otherwise not too pleasant situations. Well, I guess this time it backfired since visiting Richard Minnick's delightful Hotel Honolulu. I'm kicking myself for not getting someone over to look at it earlier. It is a real delight! A wonderful three story art deco building, lovingly restored and located just two blocks from the beach. Better than that, the prices are really reasonable for what you get. Any of you who may be thinking of a Hawaii trip, call me and we can help you with some good values and a super gay owned operator for all the ground arrangements.

Well, you all read about the New Orleans trip in last issue, but I'm afraid that we gave SWAN the wrong information. The price is now $138.75 per room, plus $13.85 tax, or $152.60 per night per room, no matter if there is one, two, three or four persons; and the porterage is still $6.00 per person. Sorry for the error.

Here I am, just off the plane from England and here is the news--not all of it good, I'm afraid. Prices have risen greatly in the past year. The problem of a 12% inflation rate and an additional 12% drop in the value of the pound against the dollar have really made things costly. You really have to be careful so as to find the best values. While you'll pay $12 to $16 for breakfast in a hotel, the same meal can be found in small neighborhood restaurants for about one third less. For getting around in London, the tube is still the best value.

Having pointed out a few negatives, on the plus side, theater, concerts and other live entertainments have a far lower cost per ticket than in the U.S. Not to be forgotten either is that you'll be heading into the fall if you're thinking of an English trip. Fall is one of the two really delightful times in England and you'll be relatively tourist free. Also, of course, the fabulous collections in the various museums are not to be missed.

During my three weeks in England, I got to meet several local mature types and the reception from our brothers-in-arms in England was quite pleasant. While gay life in England is fairly conservative, you'll find the people quite friendly and open to the more mature American. All in all, a pleasant area of the world to visit and one of my personal favorites.

As you are all aware, the first five months of the year has had me on a very heavy travel schedule. It looks like I'll be in Los Angeles for at least the next two months, which will give me a chance to catch up on answering some of your letters and enjoying my home. To all who have written, my thanks for your encouraging words.

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VICTOR ENGANDELA

SOME THOUGHTS ON HOMOSEXUALITY

We all have our pet theories on homosexuality-- how we got that way, what we are really like, what it means to be homosexual in today's world, etc. The old story about three blind men trying to figure out what an elephant is like comes to mind. One, who was feeling the elephant's tail, said an elephant is like a snake. Another, who was at the elephant's leg, corrected him and said "Oh no, an elephant is more like a tree trunk". The third man, who was feeling the side of the elephant, said they were both wrong because the elephant was "obviously" like a wall! "Anyone can see that", he added authoritatively.

All were "right" and all were "wrong". Open minds are needed, of course, to explore and study, pool and compare information, and to seek broader perspectives as the avenue to better understanding.

The social scientist has a responsibility to transcend narrow, opinionated answers and biased attitudes. He must base important opinions and conclusions on the best and most currently validated data. It is upon these more substantial evaluations, rather than on specious, negative biases, that moral concepts and laws should be based. Unfortunately, statements like, "loathsome and disgusting", "grossly repugnant", "degenerate", "foul, immoral, indecent, lewd, and obscene"--all describing homosexual behavior--can be found in important judicial decisions, not dating back to the Spanish inquisition, but from important court cases as late as in the 1970s.

But let us not despair. Change is occuring. The overall picture is that more and more courts are upholding the civil rights of homosexuals on the basic premise that discrimination against people because of their sexual preferences is illegal. Although the current AIDS situation is playing havoc with gains already made, the general picture for homosexuality in Western society is clearly one of growing social acceptance.

In spite of continuing antihomosexual prejudices, a good deal of research now shows that homosexuals are generally well adjusted and indistinquishable from heterosexuals in most areas.

Experts estimate that only 15% of homosexually orientated men display obvious effeminate behavior. There are also many totally heterosexual men who show effeminate **mnerisms.** Concepts of what constitutes masculine or feminine behavior vary from culture to culture and from time to time. So let us help everyone, <u>including ourselves</u> put this overworked "characteristic" to rest and no longer consider it typical. As same-sex intimacy becomes more acceptable there is reason to believe that flamboyant, effeminate behavior, as such, will also decrease.

The 1974 official decision of the American Psychiatric Association that homosexuality is not a mental illness did much to change the direction of educated thinking. The notion that homosexuality is some sort of social "illness" or strange deviation has finally been officially challenged and is now largely rejected.

It is therefore imperative that we counterbalance remaining negative and inaccurate popular stereotypes about

homosexuals, many of which we ourselves inadvertently reinforce. We should stress our willingness and ability to participate in society in reasonable, "normal" ways as we assert our right to homosexual orientation--yes, even as a choice as well as a "given".

Recent assessments of research made by Masters, Johnson and Kolodny in their book entitled ON SEX AND HUMAN LOVING. (pub. by Little, Brown and Co. Limited, 1986) treat homosexuality as simply one of several dimensions of the complex total phenomenon of human sexual expression. All biological, psychological, and social aspects are important in the study of the TOTAL RANGE of human sexual expression..

Viewed from this perspective, homosexual behavior can be more dynamically defined and understood.

Significant research clearly justifies the following generalizations:

1. All homosexuals are not alike.
2. No occupational group is purely homosexual or hetrosexual.
3. There really is no such thing as a "homosexual life style" per se.

NO ONE LIFE STYLE ACCURATELY DESCRIBES HOW MOST GAYS LIVE OR BEHAVE!

There are militant homosexuals, conservative ones; "closet" homosexuals passing as straight--including, of course, many who are in **heterosexual** marriages; persons who have changed from heterosexual to homosexual during varying times in their lifetime; etc., etc. There are in fact many, many, examples of homosexual diversity.

All of these considerations lead us to conclude that it may be a gross error to separate ourselves out from the rest of society as some sort of different species. This may seem logical and necessary in terms of establishing a political power base from which to "negotiate" our rights. But the long-range outcome is destined to polarize rather than integrate groups of people.

While civil rights and logistical approaches continue, a softer, more persuasive approach, particularly one that stresses the special needs of the elderly, could be developed concurrently and may well prove to be much more productive. Older homosexuals can play a key role here by asserting their right to socially acceptable same-sex, intimate friendships which can include sexual expression.

This interesting approach would build on the already generally accepted social need for the elderly person to have an **INTIMATE FRIEND, CONFIDANT, BUDDY, PAL,etc** in later life, particularly important for those elderly who survive relatives and spouses.

The "leap" from opposite-sex relationships with POSSIBLE SEXUAL ACTIVITY to same-sex relationships with POSSIBLE SEXUAL ACTIVITY should not be a great one. In this context the terms homosexual and GAY may be more of a hinderence than a help. **Same-sex intimacy should be treated casually, as an obvious social, human need .**

Equating this need and all its positive implications with the garish, cavorting, negative--albeit sometimes clever and humorous--female impersonations (most often modeled after a caricature of a prostitute--such as one sees in a gay parade) does the homosexually orientated a great disservice and feeds the homophobic public responses we bemoan.

Relaxation of the stereotype bug-a-boos about same-sex intimacy should be encouraged by the elderly themselves to make more acceptable such relatively benign (sexual) activities as massaging, grooming and petting. This would seem to be a more practical and easily acceptable beginning for the difficult task of promoting attitudinal change about same-sex sexual expression generally.

It is not so much a question of whether to (1) deny the homosexual part of the intimate same-sex relationship or (2) to openly assert it, but rather one of how to effectively and realistically define intimate sexual activity among older people in more positive terms; a question of strategy--how to open up the doors, as it were to an overall acceptance of continuing sexual activity into the later years in all its modified forms, for all aging persons, heterosexual or homosexual or both!

There is historical evidence that legal and moral sanctions for homosexuality existed in other older societies. Greek, Roman, some Eastern, African, American Indian cultures and even early Catholic Europe showed no hostility to homosexuality before the pronouncements of St. Augustine and Thomas Aquinas. Both suggested that any sexual acts that could not lead to conception were unnatural and therefore sinful, a profoundly untenable position which merits catagorical rejection.

More to come on this subject...I welcome your responses. Please write me. I shall try to answer all letters.

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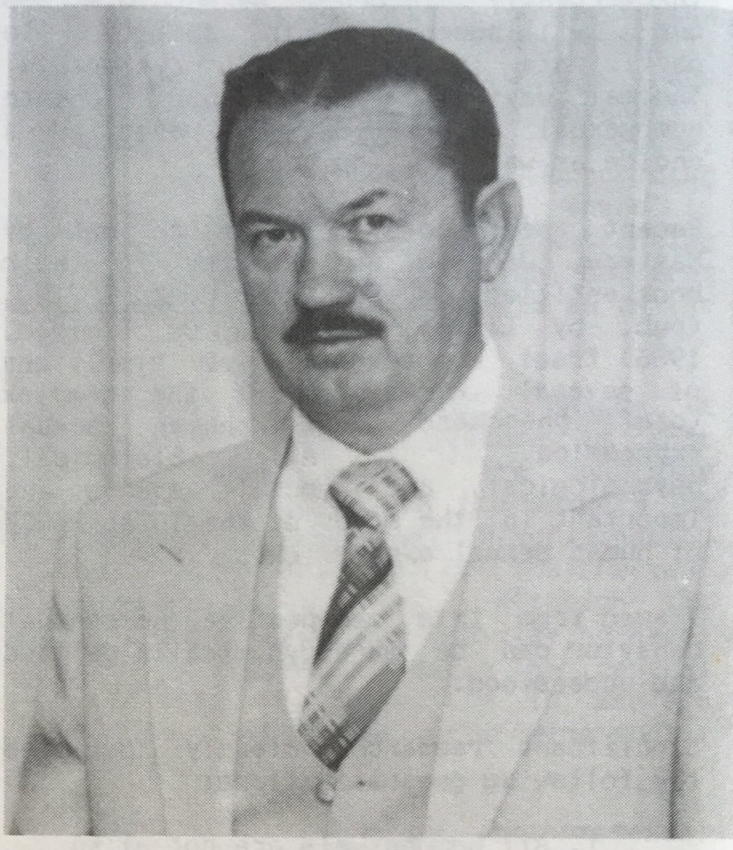

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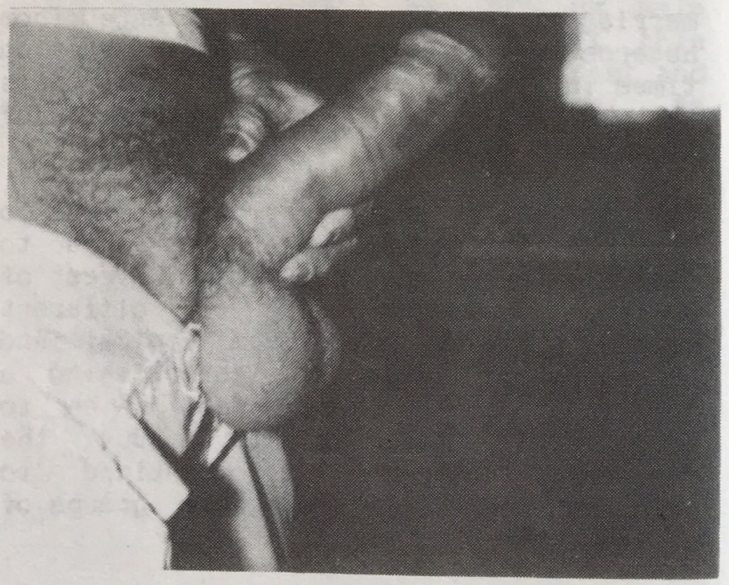

AMSTERDAM NIGHTS

by JASON P. WILLIAMS

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE)

Editor's Note: For you readers who just joined us, our narrator, a 23 year old soldier, has attempted to lose his virginity with an Amsterdam prostitute. The coupling does not happen, though, because our narrator cannot reach erection and finally admits that he prefers men to women. No problem, however, because the prostitute has this gay friend, Karl, who is a 280 pound giant with huge hands and genitals. She sends Karl to take over and ZAPPPPP....fireworks! When we looked in on them last, they were creating superheated steam in the shower.....

I reluctantly let go and we both showered thoroughly, rinsing off all traces of soap and my recent ejaculation. Karl turned off the water and got out of the tub. He opened a drawer and handed me a large soft fluffy towel and took one for himself. I dried my face and hair and looked at him standing on the bath mat in the middle of the room; he was doing the same, his head hidden by the towel. His huge body glistened with water and droplets were forming on his chest hair as it sprang up from being plastered wetly to his body. I stepped out of the tub and, using my towel, started to dry him. I rubbed his big tits first and then worked my way down to his stomach and crotch. He sighed and put his hands to his sides as I continued to dry him completely. His cock was now at half mast but I soon brought it up to full bore again with my gentle toweling around his groin. I dried the front of his legs and knelt down in front of him, drying his knees, calves and feet. He turned around and I worked my way back up his legs and ass. I spread his gigantic buttocks with the towel and dried clear to the bottom of the deep crevice. Then I dried his back thoroughly and, when I finished his bull neck, he turned around and pulled me to him. He wrapped his towel around me and returned the favor.

He towelled me down from tip to toe, wrapped his arms around me, kissed the tip of my nose and said, "C'mon, babe, let's go to bed."

He put his arm around my waist and we walked out of the bathroom. We took a couple of steps and he stopped. "Oh, shit," he said. "Look at this," and picked up his foot and showed me a big hunk of cum stuck to its bottom. It was my first load that I'd shot from the tub!

I couldn't help but giggle and then laugh out loud. Karl started to laugh too and, after wiping off his foot and the floor near the bathroom door, we staggered to the bed in a paroxysm of hilarity. We fell across the bed and grabbed each other and held on tight and laughed and giggled. Finally our laughter subsided and he hugged me tightly, our bodies pressed firmly together.

"You're great," he said.

"You're pretty hot stuff yourself," I said. "And I still want your cock."

He snuggled even closer and put his arms completely around my body, hugging me tightly. I put one arm under his head and the other as far around his broad shoulder as I could get and nuzzled my lips over his face. His hands roamed over my back and ass, opening up the crack and passing his fingers over the hole. I kissed his cheeks and eyes and ran my lips lightly over his and he opened his mouth a little bit more. I immediately forced my tongue between his teeth and caressed his tongue with mine. He started to kiss back, first lazily and then with more and more force. He made little grunting noises and the caress of his hand became more urgent. He rubbed my sides and hips, then suddenly shoved his crotch against mine, his cock sliding between my thighs. I loved the feel of his big dick and I squeezed my legs together. He pumped his cock slowly into me and our kisses grew hotter and wetter. And wilder! Soon we were grinding our faces together like we wanted to wear each other's skin and I couldn't get enough of him. I hugged and rubbed my hands all over him and pulled him into me as my cock thickened, again, into a roaring hard-on. I thought I would never get hard again after that scene in the bathroom yet I wanted this man more than ever. I wanted his cock and his balls! I wanted his mouth and his tits and his ass! I hugged him like I was demented but still couldn't seem to get close enough. I wanted him on top of me! With my hands I urged him to roll over onto me but I couldn't budge him. I unlocked my lips from his. "Get on top of me. I want you on top," I moaned.

"I'll crush you," he gasped.

"I want you to crush me," I said. "C'mon, c'mon, I want you on top."

He gingerly rolled his bulk onto my body, most of his weight suspended on his hands and knees. His cock was still buried between my legs and now his belly was pressing into my cock and his huge tits flattened onto my chest. He slowly lowered himself onto me, still maintaining some of his weight on his knees and elbows.

"C'mon, Karl," I said. "I want it all. Crush me, crush me." God, I wanted to be smothered by this gorgeous hunk. I wanted his huge, hairy bulk completely on top of me. It seems crazy but I felt like I would have him totally if I could take his entire weight.

Karl lowered more and more of his body onto mine, looking deeply into my eyes. "Okay, baby, I can see you want it, so I'm going to relax now. But you tell me when you've had enough, okay?"

I nodded and pulled his lips to mine and his weight came down full force onto my body. Oh God, the feeling was indescribable! I was completely covered by

this huge man and I was pushed halfway into the mattress.

He continued to hump his cock into my crotch and our kiss deepened into a dark cavern of lust and need. Our tongues wrapped themselves around each other and his grunts and my moans made a song of sex and sensuality. I have never loved as deeply as at that moment. I was totally immersed in another human being and I would never be the same.

For about five minutes we held this position, kissing deeply, and I think I would have happily died like that, the depth of my emotion was so heartfelt. But soon, our cocks brought us back to reality. Karl moved both his legs between mine and forced them apart, bringing his cock into juxstaposition with mine. He raised himself up a little on his elbows and I realized I hadn't breathed for some time.

"You okay?" he said.

"Couldn't be better," I gasped.

"Told you to tell me when you had enough."

"Couldn't tell when I had enough; couldn't seem to get enough."

He laughed at that and wiggled his crotch seductively against mine. "You ready for some more higher education?"

"You bet your ass. What do you have in mind?"

He scooted backwards a foot or so and said, "A little of this," and licked my chest, pausing to suck gently on my nipples, bringing them fully erect. He nipped on the paps lightly with his teeth.

He was right. There *is* a direct line between nipples and cock! Each time he nipped at my tits my cock tingled. What a great teacher I had found for my first time.

"And a little of that," he continued as he moved back a little more, licking my belly and sluicing out my belly button with a hot wet tongue. "And some of this," he said, sucking my cock all the way into his mouth!

And he sucked me! I was in the hands (and mouth) of a master. He knelt between my spread legs and sucked the hell out of my cock. In about ten seconds flat I was moaning and writhing under the spell of his practiced mouth. He sucked me and sucked me until I started to mewl and groan. My hips involuntarily started a fucking action up into his mouth. My balls were boiling! He stopped sucking then and let me come down from the extreme high he had brought me to. I heard him whisper, half to himself, "And a lot of this." And he lifted my legs by the back of my knees, doubling me over. He paused for a moment, staring at my butt, and then he plunged his face down, burying his mouth in my asshole. It was the most incredible feeling! My asshole didn't know what hit it! He sucked it and licked it and nipped at it with his teeth and then he plunged his tongue full length all the way in. He greedily sucked and tongued my ass like he was panning for gold and the most incredible thing happened. It was like my asshole gave up the ghost and through no volition of my own, it completely relaxed.

I lost all control of my sphincter and I opened up like a flower to his lips and tongue. I felt wide open and vulnerable and I wanted more! I moaned and said, "Oh, Karl, what are you doing to me? Ooooo, that's great."

"I want your ass, baby. Oh, God, I want to eat your ass. Here, slide down to the foot of the bed." He knelt on the floor and pulled me toward him. As I reached the edge of the bed he grabbed my hips and flipped me over onto my stomach, my ass hanging like two melons over the edge, my cock crushed against the mattress. He slid his hands under my thighs and lifted me up, freeing my cock from its prison, and let his arms slide under me, wrapping them around my thighs. With a grunt he buried his face in my ass and again sucked and tongued and ate my asshole, slavering spit all over the crack and plunging his tongue again and again as deep as it could go. He was driving me crazy!

He growled and hummed and mumbled to himself as he ate my ass and I began to feel like we were a puppy with a bone. And I was the bone! My asshole felt like the Grand Canyon and suddenly his tongue wasn't big enough; I wanted more! What would it feel like to have a cock up there? Karl's big cock!

Finally Karl ran out of ass-eating energy and laid his head against my butt, releasing his grip on my thighs and lowering my ass back to the bed. All the tension went out of my buttocks and I sprawled on my stomach and sighed, "Holy shit, Karl, I love that. I feel wide open. Do you think you could get your cock in there? Your tongue felt so good I think I'd like you to try."

"It's tough the first time, kid, but if you want to try, I'm sure willing. Slide back up on the bed and let me check you out."

I moved up on the bed, still on my belly, and I heard a drawer opening.

"I have some cream that'll make it easier for you and even it I don't fuck you I think you'll enjoy the action."

When he said the words, "fuck you" a chill of anticipation went through me. It sounded like the most common thing on earth, but it sure set my heart hammering. I was giving this man permission to shove his big truncheon up my virgin asshole! And the more I thought about it the more I wanted it!

He had me lie flat and I spread-eagled for him, completely trusting this wonderful man to take care of me. He took a pillow and put it under my crotch, making my ass rise in the air, completely exposed to whatever was to come. He squeezed some cream into his hand and gently applied it to the crack of my ass. With his fingers, he spread the cream, probing my asshole gently. It was still loose and receptive from the ministrations of his mouth and his fingers felt great. He rubbed and probed, squeezing my buttocks with his hands and running his fingers around my asshole. With more and more pressure he rubbed directly on the hole and I felt the sphincter start to open again just like it had done for his tongue.

"Okay, baby, here we go," he said, and slid a finger into the second knuckle. "Okay?"

"Oh, Karl, I love it," I said, and he slid his finger

to the hilt. I could feel the rest of his hand and fingers doubled up into a fist against my wide-open crack. He slid his finger all the way out to the tip and then all the way back in again. He stirred around like he was mixing a martini and hit a spot that made me jump. I felt a jolt from my asshole right up through my cock.

"Oooo," I moaned, and raised my ass up a little, freeing my cock from the pillow. Karl reached under me with his free hand and pulled my cock and balls back toward him, hefting and squeezing them. At the same time, he continued to fuck his finger into me, pressing it firmly into my ass as far as it would go, hitting that spot every time.

"Jeez, Karl, what are you doing to me?"

"That's your prostate, baby," he said and rubbed the tip of his finger over it, making my cock jump again. "It's the trigger to blow your nuts, and my cock is gonna pull that trigger. But first I gotta get you open. I'm gonna put two fingers in now. Try to relax a litle more."

I was about to find out what "open" really meant. He slid his finger all the way out but still maintained pressure on the sphincter. He added another finger to the first and pushed them both up my hot hole. I accommodated them without much difficulty and as he slowly fucked them in and out, my mind started to float and I lost all sense of everything but the fullness in my asshole; even my cock went limp. My whole being was concentrated on that one spot: my pulsing manhole! I heard the squeak of the tube of lubrication and the coolness of more cream hit the crack of my ass. Karl was adding more grease and the going was getting easier and easier for his fingers. "Okay, baby, I'm gonna get serious now," and he added a third finger and immediately eased them all the way in. I could feel his litle finger and his thumb along the crack of my ass. But the middle three were buried all the way to the big knuckles. It was heaven! The muscles of my rectum shuddered and shook and contracted around the invading bone and flesh, slowly losing their strength as the internal massage continued. My asshole was welcoming the intrusion and the membranes on the inside felt like they were on fire. Then he added his little finger! And I still loved it! Four fingers were pounding in now and my brain was one big pulsing hole in the dark behind my closed eyelids; it was incredible! There was still no pain, although it felt like there should be. Could it be natural to be this wide open and still feel so good? Obviously it was because I was loving it! And now I wanted a cock! If I could take this many fingers and love it, I certainly could handle Kark's cock.

"Now, Karl, now. I want your cock up there. Fuck me like you said you would."

"Oh, yeah, baby, I'm gonna fuck you good." He kept sliding his fingers in and out of me. "Oh, you're so hot up there, you're like a furnace, you're burning my fingers off. Oh, God, I love your ass." His voice had a dreamlike quality to it; he sounded hypnotized, talking more to himself than to me. "Oh, my cock is gonna feel so good stuffed up there. Ooooo, baby, you're wide open now and you need to be fucked and I need to fuck you. God, do I need it. My balls are on fire for your ass. I gotta dump my load deep in your guts. Now, baby, I gotta try now. Stay open like that; here I come."

I was going to get fucked! Karl was going to shove his big cock up my ass! Oh, my God, I couldn't wait! "Yeah, oh yeah, stick your cock up my ass! Now, now! Oh, I want it so bad."

As I talked, Karl eased his fingers out of my pulsing rectum and I felt him shift his big body up against my butt. His big blunt cock slid through the greased-up crack of my ass and homed in directly on my asshole.

Oh, my God, here it comes. I was going to get it now! His hands grabbed my hips and he pulled me strongly into him and the huge head of his steely cock forced me open wider than I ever thought possible. "I'm coming in now. Relax.....relax..." And the huge mushroom head slid magnificently past my stretched sphincter and into my ass! He was in me! My hole was stretched to the absolute limit!

I felt a sudden sharp pain and I gasped in reaction. He instantly pulled back an inch and let me get used to the invasion of his huge cock and the pain subsdided quickly, never to return. Pure pleasure thrilled through my rectum and lower bowel and spread its warmth up through my belly and chest and right into my brain. He pushed in again and recovered the lost inch of penetration and added a couple more.

"Okay, baby, here we go," Karl said, and slid his cock in as far as it would go. He instantly pulled it back out so just the head was encased and then fucked it deeply back in again. His cockhead was reaching new territory that his fingers hadn't touched and whole new sensations were coursing through me. I could feel his belly and thighs against my buttocks as he plunged his cock in. The bigness of his body was preventing his cock from being buried right to the root but he had enough in to shake my very being. Probably six inches of his huge thick tool were in my asshole on the downstroke and the flange on his glans would scrape across my prostate on the way out. My cock was filling up with blood again but was prevented from reaching a full hard-on by the pillow. It would need some action soon! Karl leaned forward on his hands and knees, his forearms on either side of my back and fucked with short sharp strokes, his thighs slapping against my ass. This action brought the head of his dick in direct contact with my prostate and each stroke jolted my cock with what felt like 110 volts of electricity. He was humping my ass and grunting each time he hit botom. "Oh, Jesus, this is great," he whispered and licked my shoulder. I tried to turn my head far enough to kiss his lips but we could do no more than touch tongues. He licked my neck and bit me gently on the muscle of my shoulder. He started fucking me faster. "Oh, that's good, baby, my cock feels so good up your hot ass. I feel like coming right now but I want to make it last. I want to fuck you good and long for your first time. I want you to love it."

"Oh, Karl, I do love it. I'm convinced. I'm hooked forever it feels so good. But my cock needs

The Worship
SCORPIO
88

some air and I want your mouth. I want to kiss you."

"Okay, sweetstuff, let's make some love," he said and pulled his cock all the way out of my ass.

I instantly regretted it and changed my mind. I needed his cock in me! "Wait, wait, put it back in. I want you to fuck me. Forget about my dick. Fuck me until you cum, please, please, put it back in." My asshole needed to be full!

He chuckled at my discomfiture. "Don't worry, baby, I'm going to fuck you silly. Besides, I think you're ready for it all. Santa Claus has a surprise for you." He leaned back on his knees, his cock still pointing straight at my ass. He reached down, pulled the pillow from under my crotch and tossed it aside. "Here, baby, turn on your side, like this." His hands guided me. "And pull your left leg up." He carefully picked up his right leg and straddled my right thigh which brought his cock directly in line with my ass. I could feel its hardness like a hot metal tube burning a path up my inner thigh to the crack of my ass which was now spread wide. With his left hand he pulled my left leg up over his and slid his knee under my thigh, pushing my cock and balls against my body. At the same time he eased his cock back into my asshole and slowly pushed it all the way in, this time meeting no resistance at all. I sighed with pleasure as he filled me up again. My sheath was the perfect fit for his mancock and it belonged up there. His cock had found a home for sure and, as far as I was concerned, it could live there forever. This time, however, because of the new angle of our bodies, his cock buried itself to the full eight inches! At least two additional inches were now embedded in my hole. His belly was resting on my left hip and now I could feel his curly public hair on my ass and his hairy balls rubbing along the inside of my right thigh. He hunched forward and I swear another inch of flesh went in. The base of his cock was considerably fatter than the shaft, as thick as it was, and when he banged it all the way in, my sphincter stretched to the breaking point around it. But I had no complaints. It felt fantastic. What a nice surprise. Even more cock than I expected!

I felt his cock throb and he grunted and gasped; I could tell he was fighting for control. He was so close to coming he was biting his lip and his eyelids were clamped shut in concentration. Now that I was on my side I could watch the whole process. I stayed very still, not moving my ass and trying not to clinch my sphincter. I knew that would drive him over the edge. What was he thinking of to get his mind off his aching cock, his need to dump his load?

He held his cock deep in me, gasping and groaning and I suddenly became aware of my own cock fighting to break free from its prison. It was compressed tightly between Karl's knee, the bed, and my own belly. But I didn't move. I waited for Karl to come back to me from wherever his mind had gone. Finally he let out a whoosh of breath. "Whew, I almost lost it there." He opened his eyes and grinned down at me. "Now I'm ready to ride you home, okay baby?"

I lifted my leg higher on his thigh and my cock popped free. "I'm ready, Karl. Fuck me to cum. I want your load."

He leaned forward and with his right hand grasped my shoulder. He pulled me up, bending me like a pretzel, and plunged his tongue into my mouth. We kissed, gasping for breath, his open mouth flowing saliva down my throat; it was pure nectar. Finally he pulled back, his eyes glittering. "Here we go, baby. Hang on." He eased my shoulder down to the bed and put his right hand on my waist, grasping my leg with his left. And then he fucked me!

He pulled his cock out to the head and, with a loud grunt, slammed it all the way back into me. My grunt matched his and the smack of flesh against flesh echoed through the room (possible it just echoed through my brain!). He started a short fucking motion, pulling out about three inches and jamming it back to the hilt, each time the huge base of his cock giving my ass a jolt as it hit home. With each plunge he lengthened his stroke and in a few minutes he was slamming the entire length of his huge cock deep into me. Wham! Wham! He fucked me, and I lost all control over my sphincter muscles. They totally relaxed and gave no resistance to Karl's plunging cock. But the feelings it engendered flowed through my body and I knew he was going to make me cum this way. My balls hurt like hell and the sperm was gathering at the base of my cock. Everytime he slammed his club into me my cock jumped and leaked fluid; I was practically spurting pre-cum and I couldn't control what was happening inside me. He fucked and fucked, banging my ass, letting out an agonized groan, like a bull in full rut. "Ahhhhhhh, uh, uh, uh...." and I knew he was going to shoot me full of cream any second! And I was right with him!

"Fuck me, Karl! You're making me cum. Fuck it in me, fuck it deep." I felt myself start to go over the top, my jism boiling like molten lava up the shaft of my throbbing cock. "Karl, I'm coming!"

He pounded crazily into my ass, the force of his whole fat body behind every stroke.

"Oh Karl, fuck meeeeeee!"

If it was possible, he pounded harder; now each time he slammed his cock into me he shoved my body an inch or two toward the head of the bed. He would slam into me, move forward on his knees and slam into me again, full force, full depth, and I would be pushed across the sheet toward the wall (and heaven!). I put my arms over my head and placed my hands against the wall before he drove me through it. It was like surrendering to an invanding army and my cock boiled over.

"Fuck me, oh fuck, fuck, fuck!" I shouted, as the dam burst and boiling jism shot out of my aching cock and spurted ropes of cream onto the bed. I was blinded to anything but the cock in my ass and the greatest orgasm of my life.

Karl buried his cock with one last powerful lunge. "You sweet fuck!" and his huge body shook and shuddered in incredible spasms. His cum flowed gloriously into my rectum. His hot lava filled my ass to

capacity and I could feel it ooze out around his thick dick and run down my thigh. He fell forward on his hands and knees, on top of me, and shouted, "Now! All of it, gimme all of it, oh fuck, oh fuck!" He slammed his steely dick into me about four inches, the tip of his cock pounding my prostate with each stroke; his moans filling the room. I shot a spurt of jism with each stab; he was emptying my sac completely with his thrusting cock. I cried out incoherently; I was in flames! I reached the heights and remained there. He drove his cock to the hilt once again and collapsed on me. We were both groaning and sobbing our emotions were so out of control. There was even laughter mixed in with the sweet agony of our coupling. Finally we started coming down from our incredible high and Karl held very still, his cock buried in my ass, as our gasping breath slowed and normalcy returned. If you could call this normal! I was on my side with one leg drawn up and a huge fat man was lying on top of me with his cock stuck up my rectum.

Finally we relaxed and I became aware of his weight crushing me into the bed and I moved a little to let him know I was getting uncomfortable. He rolled over on his side, spooning my body with his, only losing a couple of inches of his cock from my asshole. We lay front to back and he hugged me closely and kissed my shoulders and the back of my neck. I sighed in contentment, feeling a deep love for this wonderful man. I guess I was experiencing what the books call "afterglow" for the first time. Another first! Karl's cock softened in my ass and my sphincter came back to life again and flexed, driving Karl's now floppy cock from its home, for that's what it surely was. Karl's cock belonged up my ass!

"You okay, baby?"

"I feel great. That was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me. But I can't seem to keep your cum in me. I've sort of lost control of my asshole."

"Haven't cum like that in a coon's age. It really was your first time, wasn't it? I really got a virgin ass?"

"Yeah."

"You took to it like a duck to water." He reached down between my legs and massaged my now slightly aching ass, spreading his own jism around the crack. The ache immediately went away. "You sure did a lot for it being your first time (he couldn't seem to get enough of saying those words, "first time") but there's a lot more I can show you if you're game."

"I'm game if you are."

"Oh, baby, you don't know." He kissed me gently and sighed contentedly. I snuggled in closer to his tits and belly, his huge arms around me, making me feel safe and warm. I drowsed off and I felt, rather than heard, the soft rumble of a gentle snore inside his chest, like the purr of a big cat, as I fell into a deep sleep.

I woke up once in the night with a start and couldn't figure out where the hell I was. I had an aching piss hard-on and I was shoved up against a huge male back. I thought for a second I was back in the barracks in Baumholder and I was somehow in bed with Se rgeant Mack, but then I became aware of my tender asshole and it all came back to me in wonderful detail. How nice, I thought, how fucking nice.

I crept out of bed and went to the bathroom. As I was pissing a strong golden stream into the toilet I thought of what was to come. Not only this weekend but for the rest of my life. I suspected it was going to be a bit different now. I wondered what Mack would think if he knew and grinned at myself in the bathroom mirror. The piss tapered off and, as I shook my cock dry, it swelled up again. I quickly ran back to the bed and resumed my position against Karl's big warm back and put my arm around him and squeezed his tit, shoving my cock against his ass. He woke up with a grunt and rolled over to face me. His hand groped for my cock and he gripped it firmly. He put his other hand on my butt and pulled me to him and I felt his prick growing against mine.

"Are you ready for your first lesson in cocksucking?" he whispered.

I spent the next three days with Karl, only going back to the hotel for my suitcase. The guys thought I was moving in with Helga! Karl sucked my cock and fucked me in every position imaginable and I did the same to him. We even used what he called his "toys" and once I let him tie my hands to the bed and acted the "bondage" slave to whatever he wanted to do to me. What a gas! He even dressed me up in various costumes he especially liked fucking me while I was in uniform. I even let him put a couple of "daintier" things on me too. I fell madly in love with him and would do anything he asked. But that worked both ways and he let me experiment on his beefy body as much as I wanted. It was a wonderful three days. All we did was eat, shower and fuck ourselves silly. I never did get to see the sights of Holland.

My sexual education was completed in Amsterdam and I returned to Baumholder-- and the three months left of my hitch-- a happier and wiser man. I saw Karl twice more before I rotated back to the States and we still correspond two or three times a year. He and Helga got married (!) but I think he still waits for young virgin soldiers to show the ropes to.

Back in the barracks for those three months, my eyes were certainly opened to the "action" around me. I easily recognized that some of the guys were a little more than "best buddies." I'm sure there was something different about me too because I started to get some very special attention from certain people. Actually I was probably too dumb to have noticed before.

I'd been back at the base for about three weeks, lying on my bunk one night, trying to read and thinking about Karl. Naturally, I had a hard-on and was going to jack-off when there was a knock on the door. Before I could cover myself, Mack came in and closed the door behind him. I relaxed and crossed my legs at the ankles and let him get a good look at my cock. He leaned back against the door with his arms crossed and stared at my dick. He looked up and grinned at me.

"So it finally happened to you, didn't it?"

I didn't say anything but I knew what he meant. And he knew I knew. He reached behind him and put the latch on the door. "I bet it was that weekend in Amsterdam, wasn't it?" He walked toward me, pulling his bulging t-shirt out of his belt. He stood over me and skinned the shirt over his head. His huge muscled arms, neck and chest gleamed in the light. His belly and tits were a huge solid mass over me. He unbuckled his belt and I threw the book on the floor and spread my legs.

"Better be careful, Mack, I'm gonna fuck that fat ass."

For a moment he tried to scowl in character as big, tough Seargeant Mack. Then his hearty laugh rang out. "Maybe so, maybe so," he whispered as he knelt by the bunk and his lips brushed mine. "But I'm sure gonna sit on that sweet face first."

****

COME TO THE CLIFF, HE SAID.
THEY SAID, WE ARE AFRAID.
COME TO THE CLIFF, HE SAID.
THEY CAME.
HE PUSHED THEM.
AND THEY FLEW.

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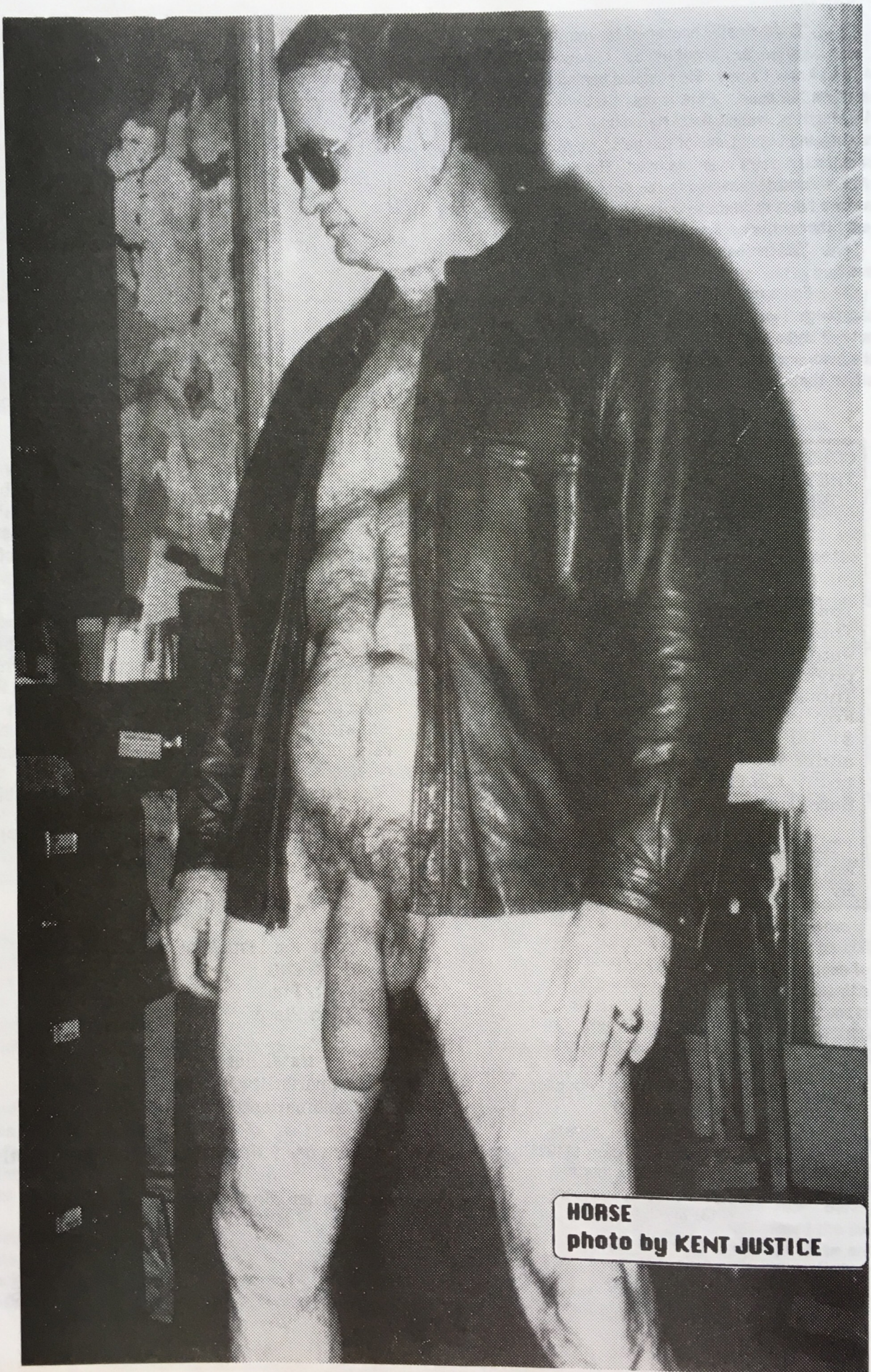

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photo by KENT JUSTICE

LEGAL EAGLE

THOUGHTS FROM "YOUR" LAWYER

JOINT OWNERSHIP OF PROPERTY; GOOD, BAD OR INDIFFERENT? IT ALWAYS DESERVES CAREFUL CONSIDERATION AND THOUGHT!

Gays living in committed relationships have special problems when deciding how their major items of property should be owned. Joint ownership, where each owns an undivided half, and everything passes to the survivor on the death of one, is one common method of ownership, but it has some limitations. In a heterosexual relationship, husband and wife almost always jointly own their home, furnishings and fixtures.

Gay couples have the same rights to jointly own their home, but it is not always a good idea. Just as almost half of present "straight" marriages now end in divorce, the percentage of gay relationships that break up in less than five years, let alone during the lives of the parties, is high. This necessitates careful review to assure that joint ownership with rights of survivorship is really best.

Courts protect the interests of spouses in heterosexual relationships, but you can't always count on that protection for a gay relationship. Even in the most accepting states, courts often accord no more consideration to a gay spouse than they can be legally compelled to do. Really, we can't count on much truly "discretionary" help in all too many instances. We've got to make sure every "t" is crossed and every "i" is dotted!

A contract, the equivalent of a prenuptial agreement, should be considered if one is going to contribute more than 50% of the value of property to be jointly owned, specifying what percentage will go to that person, and what percentage to the other, if the relationship fails. Unless some definite arrangement is made in writing, jointly held property would be divided by a court on a strict 50-50 basis, in most instances. If that is what you desire, no problem; but think about it.

That can be enough of a problem in a break-up, but death can cause special concerns, too. Upon your death, you would probably expect your lover/spouse to get the property just as most "straight" couples would expect in their situations. It can be done through joint ownership, but it has to be set up that way in the deed to the home, in documents of title to furnishings, and perhaps in a "bill of sale" between the parties, specifically establishing that all your property is held by the two of you, jointly, with rights of survivorship.

The couple's auto poses special problems. Most lawyers recommend that a car be held in only one name, because of liability dangers. For a "straight" couple, laws often allow transfer to the other (without probate in many cases) upon death of the registered owner. Since ownership and use of a car are both major sources of potential liability in event of a serious accident, the title to a car usually should be in the name of the person who almost always drives it. That way, the other party usually will not be sued, and will not be held liable, if a judgment is obtained. But that in turn causes some problems upon death, for it is a relatively rare state where anyone other than the legal spouse or next of kin can get title to the vehicle without formal court action.

If the only property not held jointly is the car, a simple will could be easily probated, at relatively minimal cost (In many states, the fees an administrator /executor and attorney receive are dependent in large part on the value of the estate which has to be probated). Despite "common wisdom," a will does not automatically transfer property upon death; a will has to be probated through court.

One possibility of "avoiding probate" is through use of a so-called "living trust." Such trusts have some problems of their own, however, and should be used only after advice of your own attorney.

Joint ownership of property within a gay relationship can be extremely valuable; jointly held property ordinarily passes without need to probate an estate, or passes with only a very simple procedure. If carefully thought out, with all risks evaluated, that may be the wise choice for you. But you should not put your property in joint ownership without satisfying yourself that this is truly what you want, considering the risks and benefits, and taking appropriate steps to protect yourself AND YOUR LOVER. I urge you to consider such action, but to also consult with a knowledgeable attorney who is given the full scoop on your lifestyle, your hopes, desires, and realities. Only with full information can he or she help you make a fully informed decision on a matter of incredible importance to both of you.

****

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TIGHT WIRE

by Kenn Richie

"I didn't want to take any chances," he laughed in an embarrassed, almost apologetic tone. "Everybody was talking about Nostradamus' predictions that a big earthquake was going to hit, so I took down my whole collection of porcelain knick-knacks and packed them away in cotton. That's when I found your card. For some reason I'd stuck it under that David. It took me a while to get up enough nerve to call you. It took me a while to get up enough nerve to put the porcelain pieces back on the shelf too."

It was my turn to laugh self-consciously, perhaps even to blush. I wondered if his placing my name and phone number under the miniature replica of Michaelangelo's fabulous male nude indicated any opinions he might have had about the shape of my body at the time we'd met. It had been a few years, after all, and even if that was his thought, some things change. "Well, I'm glad you called. It's been fun getting to gether with you this afternoon."

"I couldn't believe it's been that long. It tells you how often I dust and clean those things. They should be behind glass, I guess, but..."

His voice trailed off in dissipating small talk, so I tried to keep a conversation going with, "It's been about two years since we met at that party, but we were both with other people. I kept waiting for you to call, but you never did."

"I thought I'd lost your number, and I couldn't remember your name," he moaned.

There was yet another of the awkward and uncomfortable long pauses that had been going on for hours. "Well, it finally worked out," I smiled. "I love your house. You have nice things."

"It's mostly junk, but I enjoy them," he answered. "I love to browse old curio and collectible shops."

I sighed, leaned back on the sofa and waited through another period of embarrassed silence. "Were you really worried about those earthquake predictions?"

"I guess," he confessed. "Well, everyone kept talking about it; even the t.v. news had something every day, and they say we're long overdue for a big one. I got to the point where I had to take those things off the shelves....just in case."

"They say it could happen any time."

"Fragile things really shouldn't be on an open shelf like that," he worried. "The shelf is all right. It's bolted to the wall, but in a quake, those things could dance off. I had a coffee pot jump right out of the Mister Coffee in the one we had a few years ago. You never know, I guess."

"No, you never know," I sighed, noticing the darkening ambers of sunset beyond his picture window. I stretched and sighed again, wanting to appear comfortable and casual, even trying to be a bit sexy, but this endless struggle for small talk was wearing me out! Some coins in my pocket tumbled across my leg in the movement, and it reminded me of what else I'd brought with me. "It's always good to be prepared," I thought aloud, not sharing the irony of my thought with him. "I guess we never forget the Boy Scout motto."

"Were you a Boy Scout?"

"I was something like that," I chuckled. "I vaguely remember some sort of club with other kids. That was a long time ago, World War Two, in fact. We collected tin cans, I remember. I guess it was the Scouts."

"I never was," he smiled. "I was pretty much a loner."

"You still are," I smiled back.

As is so often the case when one gets into one of these miserable stand-off scenes, eventually a meaningless remark touches an unexpected nerve, or simply 'comes out sounding wrong' in its meaning. This was just such a case. He reacted strongly to being called a loner; he was hurt and upset by it, but, of course, he tried to hide those feelings. I thought to try to cover myself by saying that I was referring to the fact that he lived alone in a rather big house, but I decided to let the remark stand. He WAS a loner, and whether it was timid shyness, or if he'd decided I wasn't his type, or whatever was going on, he was boring the tears out of me. Worse, for I still found him as physically attractive as I had at the party when I so willingly and anxiously gave him my name and number! This time, the silence lasted too long to allow a quick recovery. "It's been a lovely afternoon, but it is gettin late," I volunteered.

"You'll stay for dinner," he urged, quickly. "Please. I insist. You said you had no plans."

I HAD said that; it was one of the first of my casual small talk comments when I had arrived. I had intended it to mean that I was available for a full weekend of "it" if he was so inclined, but by "it," I didn't mean talking about knick-knacks, Nostradamus an Boy Scouts!

Still, there was something in the way he was urging me to stay that renewed my hopes. He'd reacte to being called a loner, and he now displayed that he didn't want to be alone. Perhaps there was still a chance this could lead to some action! I did not, however, have any desire to spend a Saturday evening with polite chit chat. "I wouldn't want to impose," I fumbled. "You have your own things you do on a Saturday night."

"No, no, not at all," he insisted, even more urgently. "I don't go out anymore. I just sit around with the t.v. Oh, please stay. It'd be so nice to have you here."

"For what?" Again, a startled reaction that he tried to hide told me it either 'came out sounding wrong,' or, perhaps, dead right! This stand off had gone on long enough; it was time to put some nitty into the gritty of why I'd been invited and why I had accepted. The reason he'd asked for my phone number two years ago at that party had been pretty obvious, the enthusiam in his voice when he called yesterday had seemed even more so. Now we were talking about Nostradamus?!

This awkward pause was disguised by his waiting for me to answer about dinner. It gave me a moment to consider that I was partially....perhaps even equally guilty of the stand off. I too hated to make the fist move on first encounters. Younger men had often been a bit cruel in reminding me of my age, often over the most innocent of conversation attempts, so I'd grown to dread the rejection a forward pass could provoke. He'd invited me, it was his home, and it seemed to me that it was up to him to suggest something. Still, if he were merely shy, perhaps the task fell on me to be a little more aggressive. "Of course, there were lots of youth-type clubs during the war," I muttered, forgetting where our last lapse of small talk had taken place, and wishing I could venture toward talking about age without inviting a put-down. "You'd be too young to remember that."

"Don't flatter me," he answered. "We're about the same age. I'm fifty-three."

"Four," I introduced myself, a bit surprised to learn he was a few years older than he looked. "You look younger."

"Exercise and a good diet. I'm a terrific cook. I'll fix up something great for dinner," he boasted, using the classic gesture of blowing on his fingernails then polishing them against his sweater. "Rats! Snagged a nail," he pounted. "Let me clip this claw."

With that, he got up out of the chair and crossed to a small night stand beside where I sat on the sofa. Although it was a two bedroom house, I'd already concluded that I was on a sofabed that he used more often than his own room, probably because it faced his television set.

"I've got nail clippers in here somehwere," he muttered as he bent over to search a drawer. His pants stretched tightly across his firm, round ass cheeks, pillows of flesh that, indeed, looked younger than his age. "All my quick repair tools are in here," he explained, "tape, string, screwdrivers, wire, tacks, whatever."

I knew I had nail clippers on one of my keychains, but I was sure it was the spare I'd left at home. I checked anyway and I was right, but my fingers slid across the two foil wrapped condoms I'd brought along.

"Ah, here they are," he said. "You don't mind? I hate it when people clip their nails in front of me. It's like scraping them on a blackboard."

"No problem," I sighed. "Hey, I want you to just be yourself in your own house. Don't treat me like company."

"But, you are company," he said. "Special company. I knew it at that party, that we might become good, close friends and--get along."

Even if he dodged it quickly, it was enough to tell me that he was at least thinking along the same lines. I was desperate to try to pounce on that tiny crack in the small talk door, and even managed to let my hand appear to be casually and accidentally brushing over my crotch. "How close?"

He knew damned well what I meant, but he tried desperately to ignore it. "Would you like some more tea?" Something stronger?"

"No, thanks," I near moaned in defeat, setting off another silence.

"I'm too scared of AIDS, Jim." He blurted the words out so suddenly, it sounded rather like he was bursting into tears.

"Wha....?"

"I'm sorry," he moaned, quickly returning to his chair and sitting formally once again. "This chit chat is driving you crazy, and I know it. I'm so sorry."

"Hey, don't be," I fumbled. "Everybody's afraid of that damned plague. I mean, we all are."

"Maybe I wasn't so much two years ago when I met you," he began. "I didn't know too much about it then. I hadn't had someone I knew die of it then, but now I have, and I'm absolutely terrified of it. When I found your number, it was a crazy impulse, but, as I said, it took me weeks to get up enough nerve to call. I thought it would be like going back to when I wasn't so afraid, but I was wrong. I just can't, Jim. I'm too frightened."

"It's not good to be THAT scared of anything," I lectured calmly. I wanted to scream in anger that he was a paranoid prick teaser, but I also understood. It was true enough that we were all afraid of AIDS.

"I know, I know," he near wept, "but it's gotten to me. I've let it get worse than a phobia, it's way beyond reason, I KNOW that, but I just can't help it! God knows, I'm lonely as all hell. 'Lonely,' in case you haven't heard some of the young romantic kids talk lately, is a polite way of saying 'horny.' I've tried, Jim. I've gone out a few times. I've wanted to invite men home, but when it comes to that point, I can't move. I can't open my mouth! The fear starts taking hold of me then, so I can't imagine what I'd be like if I was actually with someone."

"You are with someone," I reminded.

"I'm trying to explain why I....I just can't."

"Well, ahmm," I hesitated, now wishing we could have another nice long silence. I didn't know what to say. "Lemme check your quick repair drawer," I muttered, helping myself to it.

"What do you need?"

"Just lemme see," I protested, waving him back from wanting to help. "Aha. You said wire. This is perfect! A good spool of thin wire...and, a hammer, that's good. And, didn't you say you had some tacks? Oh, brads. That's even better. Great!"

"What on earth are you doing?"

"Just wait and see," I laughed. "Look, I don't

Takes Two
Hands

know what to say about this fear thing you have, but I have an answer for the other fear you talked about."

"What other fear?"

"Earthquakes," I chuckled. "And, your porcelain collection. Here, look. The shelf's bolted to the wall, right? Okay, then all you need is a good, taut wire across here, about three inches up from the shelf floor. Here, hold that tight. See what I mean? This way, even if a quake jiggles them around, the wire will act like a guard rail to keep them from falling off. And, the wire's so thin, it won't even spoil the view. You won't even notice it's there. You want me to do it?"

"Oh, yes! By all means! God, I'd never have thought of that, David."

"My name's Jim."

"Oh, sorry, of course it is. I don't know why I said David."

The miniature statue was right before my eyes, so I allowed myself the flattery of it. "Maybe I remind you of someone," I sighed.

"Maybe you do," he answered, his eyes following mine, but not quite getting the connection. I near laughed at myself for daring to suppose I could handle the competition of David, but I was newly excited to see his gaze wander from the statuette down toward my crotch. I managed a litle thrust forward as I pounded a brad into the shelf, and I knew I was showing a bit of a bulge.

"Jim?"

"Hmmmmm?"

"It was pretty stupid of me to be so afraid of earthquakes that I packed these things away, wasn't it?"

"I don't know. Earthquakes happen."

"But, to pack them out of sight? To go without them entirely? I did that, when what you're doing right now is as much protection against a disaster as anyone could give them."

"I guess it's like auto accidents," I thought aloud. "They do happen, but you can't lock yourself in your house and be afraid to drive. You take every reasonable precaution, drive safely, watch out for dangerous looking reckless drivers, be careful..."

"I hated it when the shelves were bare," he said, softly. "And, I hate being alone....lonely."

"Reach in my pocket. The left one. See what you find," I urged.

"Don't ask me to grope you now, that's not fair," he blushed.

"That wasn't what I meant, but you're welcome to while you're there."

I loved the feeling of his warm hand sliding down beside my groin, even if his fingers were trembling. I loved the feeling of his trim body next to mine. His fingers toyed with the foil wrapped condoms for a moment before he realized what they were, then he gasped appreciatively.

"Nor am I a reckless driver," I added, "I test negative. What do you think?"

"I think....," he began, hesitating, and his voice cracking with nervousness as his reach into my pocket stretched to where his touch came into contact with a rapidly rising cock. "I think....I think that I couldn't be safer, and that I'm going to be fucked, David."

"You keep building up my ego by thinking of me as David, and I can guarantee it," I answered. "And, some vice versa or both or whatever." I pounded another brad into the bookshelf. "So? What's for dinner?"

"I don't have time to cook. We'll go out," he answered. "Well, by then, we'll have to go out to get some more of these. You only brought two. You said you had nothing planned for the weekend."

"I have now," I grinned.

THE POETRY OF LARRY KERNE

PERSISTENCE OF IMAGES #1

O friend, o lover, I remember this.
Once, between your legs astride me, I lay
And, looking up, saw your love pendulous,
Rising as with the sweet be-scented sap
That surges in the spring, now descending
Toward my aching, toward me taking.
Upward I arched gladly to receive you.
And thus your life into me flowed, and flowed
Again, and still yet again, without count,
Without ending and without measure. The
Rhythmic years a-greening have passed since then,
Lo, thirty years forward from that firstling
Flow, the first of hundreds, nay, of thousands.

Alas, shall the volcano someday cool?
O erect volcano, cool not, cool not!

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ONE

DECEMBER

The living room was bare except for a bamboo palm in the corner, next to a picture window overlooking Burton Street. Powdery snow fell through calm air outside, accumulating on the window ledges and giving the room a bleaker look.

Peter shuddered and left the room, surveying the rest of the apartment. He walked into the bathroom and checked all the drawers, finally glancing up at his image in the mirror. Was his hair much greyer now? His eyes were still puffy and the stark grief in them forced him to look away.

Except for the bamboo palm, two suitcases and a camera equipment case near the front door, the three bedroom apartment was empty. Checking his topcoat pockets for gloves, he began to pace the foyer.

Hearing a car door slam shut, he walked to the window and looked down upon the white street below. It was Howard, coming for the palm. His eyes became moist and he reached out to touch a frond. It was seven feet tall now and healthy. He hoped that it would stay healthy with Howard.

Peter approached the foyer and pressed the door buzzer. Normally, Howard would begin the conversation half way up the stairway, but today he was silent. Reaching the second floor, he stood facing Peter and nervously smiled. Peter placed an arm around the man's shoulder and led him into the living room.

"I wish there was some way you could take it with you. What if it doesn't like me?" Howard said.

"It will. Just don't let your dog kill it."

"My dog's penis is only two inches off the ground, Peter," reminded Howard, grinning. "You okay?"

Peter glanced at him, then regarded the plant. "Yeah. It's a little easier....I think."

"I wish you wouldn't leave."

"I have to." Peter walked to the window. "I've always hated Chicago winters. This would have been my first alone."

Howard placed his hand behind Peter's neck. "You wouldn't be alone. Look at all the friendships the two of you made."

Peter turned and smiled. "Yeah. Well, there aren't two of us anymore." The bitterness began to surface again, then the self-pity he was determined to suppress. Pete, the fifty-one year old, going on twenty-one. Pete, the comic, crazy, lovable other half would become a stranger to those he knew, reverting to the loner he was before coming to Chicago. There would be no more dinner parties for thirty, or Caribbean cruises or quiet evenings in front of the fireplace. The house in Twin Lakes would never be built. So many years of stark solitude, he thought, then three years of complete deliverance. ***How incredible that one person could bring so much joy into my life--so suddenly. As if that person's sole purpose in living was to touch me and save me. Only to die so meaninglessly under such flippant and casual conditions.*** "Routine murder. Things like that happen every weekend," he had overheard at the Cook County Morgue. He thought of earlier years and the early morning dankness of Manhattan side streets, where he would walk, daring the dark shadows to close in on him. Walk and walk, wishing for some unspeakable terror to flash the razor-sharp switchblade in the lunar half light, accommodating his death wish. Witnessing only shadows and silence. Hearing screams from other sectors as the terror struck others who didn't will it.

"Snowstorms all throughout the plains. It'll be a long drive to Los Angeles," he forced himself to say.

Howard nodded.

"I'll help you carry the plant to your car."

The palm barely fit inside Howard's Volkswagen and had to be propped a special way to avoid breaking any branches. Peter brushed snow off his forehead and backed away as Howard picked up a brightly wrapped package from the front seat and closed the car door. He handed it to Peter. "Merry Christmas."

Peter sighed and shook his head. "Jesus, Howard. Why?"

"I bought it last month for the both of you for Christmas."

Peter reluctantly took the package and fought back the overflowing sensation in his eyes.

Howard quickly moved to the driver side of the car and opened the door. "Safe trip, Pete," he said, chokingly.

Peter nodded and turned away, just as the tears erupted in rivulets.

****

Because of the massive snow storm patterns in the plains states, Peter drove south through Cairo, Illinois, past Memphis, through Little Rock and on into Dallas. Hearing of blizzards in the Texas Panhandle, he took the El Paso route into New Mexico and Arizona. On Christmas Eve, he reached San Diego and checked into a motel with the two quarts of Scotch he had bought in Tucson. For four days, he drank himself into oblivion, eating occasionally from the room service menu. Then on the morning of the twenty-eighth, he moved on to Long Beach, where it was arranged he would begin another career the first week in January. He rented a furnished studio apartment not far from the beach, then traded his eight year old Regal and most of the cash he had left for a used Porsche. He would live wild and let again, like before, he thought. Security is for those w

plan on living long enough to need it.

****

In the Mojave Desert, a black Ferrari tore through Barstow, going southbound at eighty miles an hour. It was nearly four in the morning and there were few other cars in sight. Reaching the outskirts, the sports car accellerated to one hundred ten. The combination of cocain and vodka was working nicely, thought the driver, a West L.A. attorney. He glanced at his female companion, who was in a deep Quaalude sleep. He looked at his watch and judged that he would pull into L.A. in another two hours. He knew his luck with the CHP would soon run out after reaching the more populated area from Victorville on. And, since he had a virtual drug store in his glove compartment, he would take care not to get pulled over.

His bladder began to fill and he felt uncomfortable. Spotting an isolated cloverleaf ahead, he decelerated and exited the freeway, pulling to a stop on the desert road above. Turning off the lights and motor, he got out and began urinating at the rear of the car. As he watched the stream of liquid splash over gravel, a reflection of alternating colored lights appeared on his shiney forehead. The stream of urine changed color four times before he felt the impulse to look up. He fought it, concentrating on the relief he felt and somehow sensing that he would be better off not looking. Then, as his bladder emptied, he slowly raised his eyes and gazed dreamily at the silent, metal object gliding past him, not fifty yards away.

The man sensed that some energy force had invaded his brain and searched his memory for something. Suddenly, the force left him, leaving him with a feeling of having been rejected.

As dawn arived, the Quaalude began to wear off and the woman awakened. She groggily looked out over the desert terrain in the half light. "Where are we?" She yawned and faced the man. "Why have we stopped?"

The man sat stoically behind the wheel, smoking a cigarette and staring at the dark, western horizon.

****

The bartender was out of glasses and had two waitresses waiting at the service end of the bar. Frantically, he washed more glasses, looking nervously at a newly arrived couple at the bar. Why do I work in the most popular restaurant in D.C., he asked himself. "Tips," he mumbled, almost smiling.

A telephone rang and the maitre d' answered in a fake European accent. He listened and glanced at the bartender. "Dominick.....on seven-one," he said to the bartender, pushing the hold button and walking away.

"Jesus," he muttered, grabbing the phone. "Yeah." His voice was gruff.

"This is Sullivan," a man said. "Is Holtz there?"

The bartender rolled his eyes up, then glanced at a grey headed, powerfully built, Air Force general sitting sullenly at the other end of the bar. "Unfortunately, he is."

"Watch your mouth, asshole."

"Sorry, General Sullivan. It's been a rough night."

"How many drinks?"

"Five or six. Get him outta here, will ya?"

"I'm on my way."

"Thanks.....and I'm sorry."

"Okay," said Sullivan. "I'm just around the corner."

The bartender hung up and quickly made drinks for the waitresses.

"Hey, Dom!" yelled the burly Holz.

"Be right with you, General." Jesus, get here, Sullivan, he thought. He made drinks for the couple, then two men ordered another round. Noticing that Holtz was staring at a waitress, he quickly made the drinks for the two men.

"Hey!" yelled Holtz, looking back.

The bartender flinched, as did the others at the bar. "Coming, General."

One of the men receiving a fresh drink smirked. " No wonder we lost in Viet Nam."

Holtz eyed the man coldly, then smiled as the bartender brought him another drink.

As the bartender turned, he saw General Sullivan enter the restaurant and approach the other general. He sighed and nodded in greeting.

Sullivan sat next to Holtz and placed his arm around his shoulders. "Don't you think you've had enough?"

He looked at Sullivan with contempt. "Fuck off."

The other patrons regarded Holtz with similar contempt.

"Divorce final today?" asked Sullivan.

"Yeah. Stupid cunt."

Sullivan looked embarrassingly at the bartender. "Let's go home, Bob."

"Why? I'm having a good time," he said, watching the same waitress walk by. "God, I'd like to eat her box."

"Wilson. Party of two!" shouted the maitre d'.

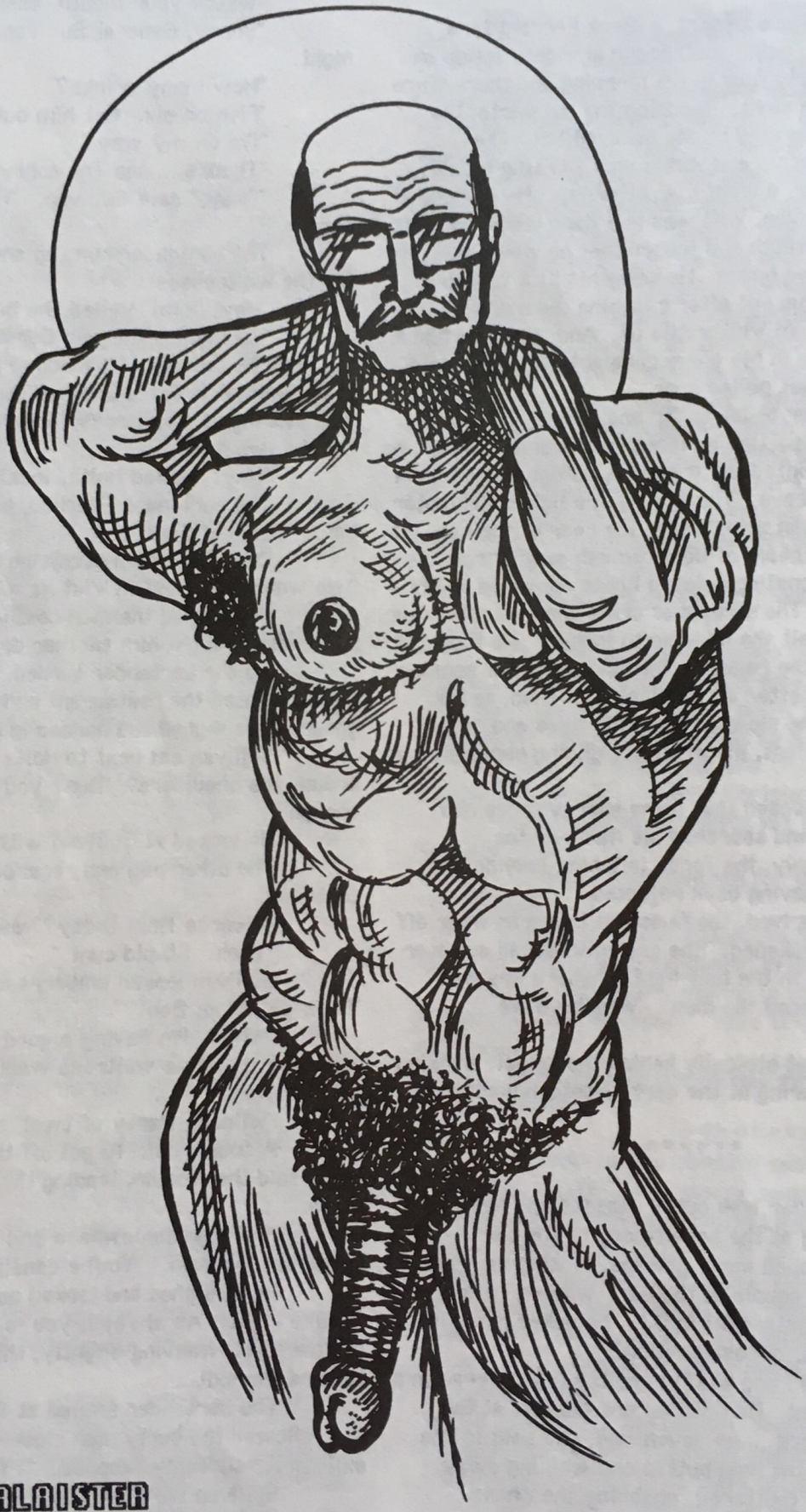
A couple quickly got off their bar stools. "Thank God," said the woman, leading the man into the dining room.

"Let's go somewhere and talk about it," persisted Sullivan. "You're causing a scene."

Holtz sighed and looked down into his drink. "You're right. As always, you're right." He eased off the barstool, weaving slightly, then made his way toward the exit.

The bartender smiled at Sullivan, who nodded and followed the burly man closely. As they reached the exit, Holtz suddenly stopped. "I forgot something."

Sullivan watched apprehensively as Holtz walked back to the bar and tapped the shoulder of the man who had made the remark. Swiftly and discreetly, Holtz buried his right fist into the man's stomach,



UNTITLED

DRAWING BY ALAISTER

leaving him stunned and breathless. Preoccupied with the antics of Dominick with a waitress, no one at the bar really knew what had happened.

As Holtz and a very nervous Sullivan quickly retrieved their top coats and left the restaurant, the man turned pale and fell off the barstool, gasping for breath.

The drive to Holtz' apartment was silent. Sullivan pulled into the driveway of the swank apartment building and stopped the car.

"Come on up for a drink," Holtz suggested, not meaning it.

"No. You need to get some sleep."

"You always know what's best for me, don't you?"

Sullivan smiled. "Someone's got to watch over you. Besides, you're my boss."

"What you're really turning into is a surrogate wife." Holtz said it derisively.

Sullivan bristled. "Friend would be the better description, I would think."

Holtz sank into the seat. "Sorry. It's the divorce."

"I thought it was what you wanted."

Holtz reflected on the image of Barbara, his wife of yesterday. "True. But the timing's wrong. Today is December thirtieth. Tomorrow is New Year's Eve and I've never spent a New Year's Eve alone in my life."

"Well, you've always got your surrogate wife."

Holtz smiled. "Will my surrogate wife like to line me up with a New Year's Eve blow job?"

"What about your pimp driver?"

"Christmas leave. The sergeant is basking in the sun in Puerto Rico with a nympho fox--one of my castoffs."

"I'll see what I can do."

Holtz chuckled. "You'll go far, General. Won't be long and you'll get another star."

"By being a pimp?" Sullivan grinned.

"How do you think I got it?" Holtz punched him lightly on the shoulder and got out of the car. "Talk to you tomorrow."

From the rear view mirror, Sullivan fondly watched him walk up the sidewalk and disappear into the building entrance. Driving home, he shuddered at the thought of accidentally running into Holtz dressed the way he was about to dress. He fantasized how Holtz would look in heavy black boots and bare chested under an open leather jacket. He stopped himself when the fantasy featured General Holtz slowly unbuttoning his 501's and offering his fat, turgid cock.

****

A panting coyote peered over the top of the sand hill and scanned the rocky foothills ahead. Sensing the storm's approach, he trotted on toward the hills in search of shelter. As he neared a small burrow, a rattle warned him that it was occupied. Going on to another one, he sniffed at it and cautiously entered.

The storm began to dispatch small currents of wind ahead of its central force. Further to the west, dust began to swirl upward, diminishing the intensity of the sun's rays.

A tiny grain of sand tumbled down a dune, dancing to the storm's prelude. Then more followed, sending a sheet of sand rippling to the bottom. A wind gust descended from the sky and clawed at the dune, exposing a section of silver metal. A sensor transmitted a signal to a point deep within the dune and the entire hill vibrated. The metal surface sank deeper and sand soon covered it once again.

A few miles away, Colonel Simpson became lost in thought. A telephone receiver to his ear, he studied the buttons on the telephone while he held the switchhook down.

He lifted his finger and dialed.

"General Holtz' office, Captain Murphy speaking, sir."

"This is Colonel Simpson at Edwards Air Force Base. Is he there?"

"No, sir, but I expect him shortly."

"Have him call me. Tell him it's urgent."

"Yes, Colonel. I'll try to reach him now."

"Thank you, Captain." He hung up.

He turned and anxiously watched the ominous clouds on the horizon from his office window. Dark, disturbing feelings surfaced in his mind and he sensed that this rash of sightings would have profound consequences. Somehow, he knew that something terrible was about to happen.

He picked up the telephone and dialed a four digit number.

"Lieutenant Thomas speaking, sir."

"Lieutenant, this is Simpson. Anything yet?"

"No, Colonel. The helicopters couldn't locate anything. We called the last one in because of the storm."

"Anything from Twentynine Palms?"

"Not yet, sir."

He shuddered. "Keep me posted."

"Of course, Colonel."

TWO

JUNE

The man with strange eyes sat in the back row of the dingy theater, drawing sketches of male and female genitals with the aid of a penlight. There were seven other patrons--mostly middle-aged men he resembled--who sat further up and were oblivious to his sketching. He was amused at the images on the screen and wondered how such an obviously important facet of human behavior was not even alluded to in his program.

He observed the behavior of the other patrons.

One man, about seventy-five, was performing an act he assumed was masturbation. A bearded man moved to a seat next to a younger man and slid down and onto his knees, disappearing from view. An usher walked down the aisle with a flashlight and the bearded man abruptly sat up in his seat.

He placed his sketches and penlight inside a briefcase and left the theater.

The sun was high in a cloudless sky, sending temperatures into the upper nineties throughout Southern California. Downtown Los Angeles sweltered and the stage became set for isolated incidents of madness.

Wearing sunglasses, he casually walked down skid row streets, unaware of the stench of pools of stagnant beer, wine and urine. He watched as a police car stopped nearby and two young policemen got out to check on a derelict lying on the sidewalk. He could vaguely hear the words "meat wagon" being spoken by one. Then the other approached the car to use the radio.

Now adjacent to the group, he could see a gash on the derelict's neck and a pool of dried blood. He walked on toward Figueroa, where he'd spotted a bookstore the day before. Reaching an intersection, he waited for the "walk" signal.

From somewhere above, there came a scream and he looked up. He saw a bare chested black man, leaning out of an apartment window, shouting down at another black man who had left the building and now stood next to him at the corner. He casually glanced at the man, who was suffering from delirium tremens, then looked again at the light signal.

"You come back here with that, you motherfucker!" shouted the man above. "I'm gonna blow you away, you cocksucker! I'm gonna blow you up!"

The black man on the street looked up, then bolted into the intersection, screaming. As the man with strange eyes looked up, one of the policemen yelled and fired two rounds into the chest of the man above, just as he released a coffee can full of flaming gasoline. Then he saw the flaming liquid wafting toward him, sensed a blinding illumination and realized that he was engulfed in flames.

When the policemen reached him, he had begun to melt away and form a bubbling pool of acrid, pink liquid, which cascaded into a storm drain.

The two policemen and a handful of witnesses approached the simmering pile of clothes. With stunned faces, they searched each other for an explanation.

A trembling old derelict tugged at one of the officers' sleeve. "It floated away. I saw it float away." Ignored, he continued. "Don't you see?" He smiled, exposing an atrophied mouth. "His soul wasn't harmed. He transcended. Praise God."

As wailing sirens neared, a crowd gathered and a gust of wind blew open the unscathed notebook, fliping the pages, one by one, for all to see.

"Praise God," repeated the old man, looking up into the sky.

****

Somewhere in the Mojave Desert, a computer-like machine received a message in a machine language never dreamed of on earth. Exotic data flowed into the machine, advising of an accident and the loss of the latest synthetic body. The machine was told to modify the silicone ratio to hydrocarbon catalyst; compensate for color by increasing the primary hue; and increase the flash point by 3.2 percent. The source signed off with its location and estimated time of return.

Twenty minutes later, the machine received another message. The source advised that it was presently monitoring a possible "companion," northbound between Victorville and Barstow. The source had attached itself to the automobile of a man named Peter Wade, age fifty-one, five foot nine, grey hair, blue eyes, weight approximately one hundred eighty-five. The source dug deeper: "Father and mother deceased; unmarried; no brothers or sisters; no contact with family or intimate friends; suffering severe depression due to death of mate seven months ago in Chicago, Illinois; and thoughts of suicide prevail in mind."

****

The two mountains lay ahead, each touching the black sky with an aura of violet. It was time to leave the highway and drive up the desert road to the ridge he had picked three months before. It was time to capture that one moment after sunset when the full moon would rise between the peaks.

Silently, he got out of the car, reaching inside for his tripod and attached camera. The camera was already focused on infinity. He set the tripod just ahead of his Porsche. The camera adjusted, he waited.

Inwardly, he was aware of someone's presence, but his conscious mind was driven to obsession. Nothing else mattered now but the moon. This object in space which rules the enchanted hordes of moon children--this frigid lady in the sky--would be immortalized on film at her stunning best, he thought.

The arc appeared and his hands steadied. He pressed the shutter release and held his breath. Slowly and methodically, he took one frame after another as the moon rose. Sweat began beading on his forehead and he stopped himself, knowing the twenty-fouth frame had been exposed. The moon shrank and became a cold silver ball and he leaned back against the car, wiping his hands on his trousers.

"The moon at its zenith."

He wondered if he had said it and cleared his throat. "Yes," he said, knowing he had not, for the voice had been mechanical and halting. ***Not mine!***

A humming sound came from behind him and he suddenly felt cold. Surely I'm alone, he thought. Even when he turned and saw the metallic sphere hovering beside him, he insisted he was alone. An illusion, he thought. A moon up there and one next to me. ***Next to me...Oh, God.***

"I took twenty-four shots," he said, feeling

stupid, yet terrified.

"You'll find the twelfth superior."

He began to tremble.

"You should not fear me. Your subconscious doesn't. Do you not listen to your deeper self?"

He felt a calm warmth permeating his body. It then seemed logical that he begin putting his equipment away, which he began to do.

"I need your help, Peter Wade."

He gently placed the equipment inside the car and looked again at the sphere. He began to feel a communication between the sphere and an area deep inside his brain.

Peter found himself driving back toward Los Angeles with the sphere lying in the other bucket seat. He had no idea how much time had elapsed. "You awake?" He winced at the absurdity of his question and his situation.

"Very much so. I never sleep. You trust me now."

"Yes."

"And you will help me." It was not a question.

"I suppose I'm uhh....awed that you've chosen me for....whatever you've chosen me for."

"I am sure we can save each other. We are both isolated for different reasons."

Peter sighed deeply, glancing again at his strange passenger. "I've become withdrawn, haven't I?"

"And suicidal. I will bring meaning into your life."

Meaning, he thought. ***Hearing again the voices of the courtroom. Hearing the young man say that he had no remorse. Looking into savage eyes with no hint of conscience.***

"Conscience," said the sphere. "I must learn what that means. It means so much to you."

Peter smiled. "You read my thoughts, it appears. Why can't you understand the word?"

"I understand very little. I've absorbed many thoughts, words and phrases from those I've come in contact with during my short stay. All in passing. You are my first captive audience. I now have the general extent of your vocabulary, but I understand no more than you. You yourself search for a meaning to the word 'conscience.'"

The Porsche left the San Bernardino Freeway and entered the Orange Freeway. Peter's eyes became dry and began to burn. Myriad thoughts raced through his mind and he could sense that the sphere was receiving everything with ease.

"Just what ***are*** you?"

"I am a data processing system, you might say--a mechanical brain encased in a metal sphere...now. Before, I had a synthetic body, which looked like an average forty-five year old male with glasses and recessed hairline. I was looking for sources of information. Each time I approached someone, they would shy away--especially the men.

"Our probes could only piece together a superficial picture. Thus, the body was fashioned with superficial information. I soon learned why men shied away and I began approaching women. Then I learned that a kiss led to a thing called sex and I was not prepared for such a revelation--we had not fashioned a penis. Then, I was myself approached by another, different kind of man. We had extensive conversations and I thought that I had found a companion, only to find that he too wanted the penis.

"Unfortunately, my body came to an abrupt end in a freak fire. It melted. We never sufficiently probed the qualities of that form of combustion."

"Jesus." Peter pulled the car off onto the shoulder. "My head is spinning." He slid down into the seat and closed his eyes.

"I was on my way back to my ship to return home, when I sensed your presence."

"Ship? Oh, my God," mumbled Peter, shaking his head.

The sphere made a slight giggling sound, which triggered hysterical laughter from Peter.

Peter struggled to regain control of his senses. "That more or less tells me what you are. But what is your uhh... ***mission--Jeez, what am I saying?*** Just where are you from? I think we can rule out Minsk or Milwaukee."

"You could not comprehend where I am from. I was created by my master, Suiji, as a final stage probe. I was programmed with information from the previous probes, yet have the capacity to absorb the ultimate knowledge of your planet. I was not informed as to why. In addition, I was programmed with enough of my master's knowledge to fulfill my mission and return to our planet. For security reasons, I have no more capacity than that and the ship contains the minimum requirements to accomplish the mission. The security is a contingency for the unknown factors--you are regularly visited by other beings as advanced as my master. They are conducting genetic experiments."

"Oh, God," moaned Peter.

"We are relatively sure that your people have not the technology to decipher me or the ship. As a matter of fact, the ship and I are set for instant destruction upon penetration."

"What were the previous probes?"

"They were androids, but were not meant to be companions. They were observers only and were sent to gather data on language and superficial behavioral patters. None could speak and many had flawed bodies, especially around the mouth and eyes. A few were incarcerated and self-destructed."

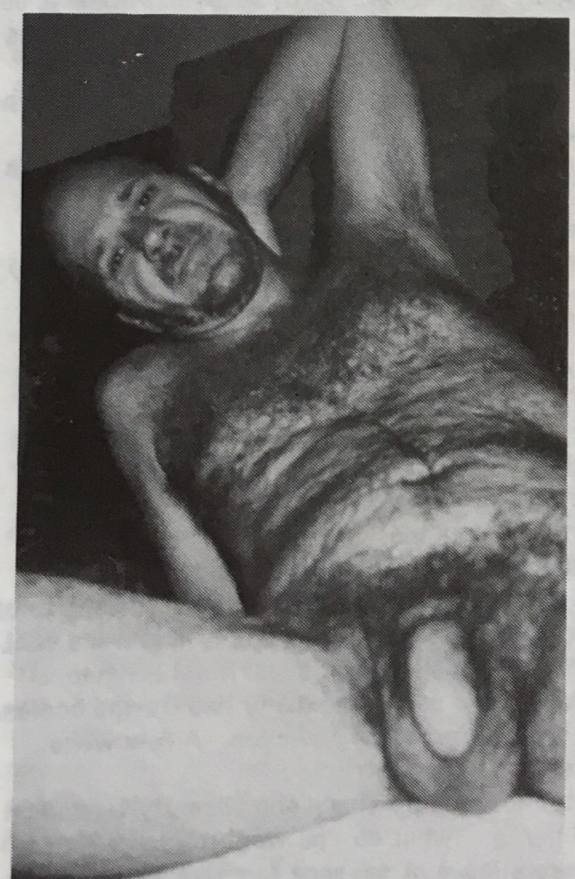
Peter looked into space and absently turned on the hazard lights. "What do you want me to do?"

"Take a leave of absence from your job. Then go with me to the ship to fashion a complete body."

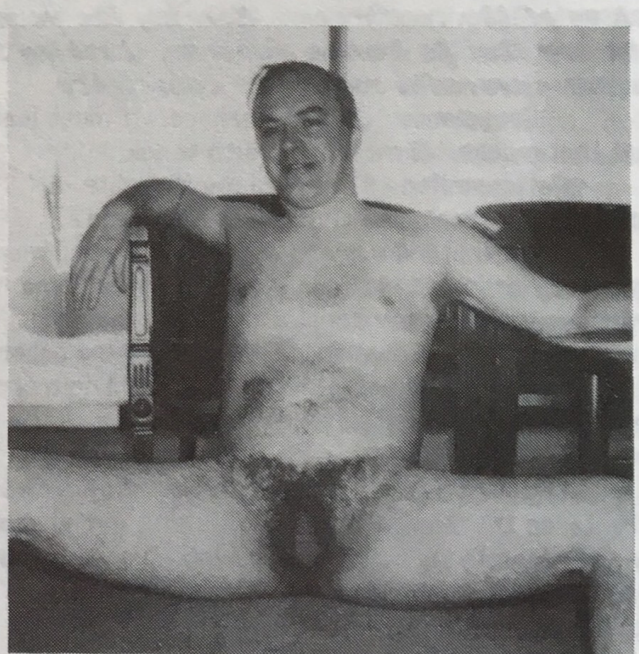
"In my image?"

"No. You need not worry that I will replace you like they did in ***INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS.***"

SELF PORTRAIT by JOHN R.



MICHAEL
photo by GEORGE FARRELL



SHAG
photo by SIMBA

Peter chuckled.

"You fashion the body, for it will be the companion you are looking for."

"You really do know me, don't you?"

****

Peter struggled up the wall of sand on hands and knees. He wondered what would happen if he lost sight of the sphere in the darkness. Finally catching up with the sphere at the top of a sand hill, he bent over, sending more oxygen to his brain.

"Rest awhile."

Peter nodded and sat heavily on the sand.

"I'm sorry you lost your job."

"No problem. I just hope you can feed me...You'll notice I have a mouth."

"I assure you that your needs will be fulfilled. You will be fed in more ways than one."

"Oh?" He glanced at the sphere with a puzzled expression.

The sphere began to glide down the slope.

"Hey, wait for me," Peter said, jumping up.

"Sit. The craft is right here."

A deep, resonant hum came from inside the adjacent dune and the sand began shifting as if a strong wind had come along. But there was no wind, and Peter stood, transfixed.

He could vaguely see the outline of the craft and realized that its color was silver. Its form resembled an overturned condiment bowl, yet shallower in proportion. He judged it was about thirty-five to forty feet in diameter and ten feet in height.

As the sphere hovered near it, the craft became silent and a rectangular section of the surface tilted from top to bottom, forming a ramp. An eerie, greyish light emanating from the ship's interior, created a silver, rectangular pattern on the sand.

"Shall we?"

"Incredible," uttered Peter, hoarsely. He followed the sphere up the ramp and into the ship.

The sphere moved to a console and hovered silently as if giving Peter time to acknowledge his new surroundings.

Peter stood entranced, smiling at the brilliant, colorful assault on his senses. His eyes scanned the glowing, soft-white ceiling; the circular wall of white modules, with many sizes and colors of ever changing lights; a plush, green, contoured chair in the center next to a white, rectangular table; and the white, metallic console at the opposite end where the sphere was hovering. In front of the console were two more contoured chairs, also covered with the plush, green fabric. The floor was a glowing, soft-white, similar to the ceiling.

"Be comfortable," said the sphere, coming to rest in one of the chairs.

Peter slowly walked to the other chair. He sat, smiling excitedly.

"You seem to be enjoying yourself."

"Either that or I'm completely mad."

"You are quite sane. It's all new and novel. You're merely giddy."

He laughed and, to his delight, found that the chair swiveled. He turned two complete revolutions before controlling his giddiness. "What is your name, silver ball?"

"Name? I really don't have a name--just a code." The sphere then made an exotic sound consisting of a series of clicks, followed by the sound one would make if they mouthed an "r" and spoke a "z."

Peter was amused. "I won't try to duplicate that." He reflected on his sudden change in environment. He had not laughed since before Bob's death, nor smiled, except to be polite at work. He had not felt expectancy or a sense of direction for over a year. How bizarre that a silver ball could bring back those feelings, he thought.

"Name me after my body is complete."

"I'll be honored. When do we start?"

"Now, if you feel up to it."

Peter smiled, then rose with the sphere. The sphere moved to one of the peripheral modules and three large drawers slid out of the wall. On each was a humanoid form, void of openings or features.

"Skinny, fat or muscular?"

Peter started at the forms in chilled amazement.

"Your inner mind says that you perfer stocky and muscular," said the sphere, sending two drawers back into the wall. The third bodily form rose from the drawer and floated to rest on the table in the center of the ship. "Take all your clothes off and sit on the contoured chair, Peter."

Nervously looking at the faceless body beside him, he stripped and folded his clothes, placing them under the chair.

"Already, I have been made aware of several errors. There are modifications to be made. Sex does not exist on our planet, nor do my people have the equivalent of your mouth."

"Really?" said Peter, wide-eyed.

"My people reproduce asexually by a method you cannot comprehend. There are no sex distinctions. Nourishment is taken through the skin. Voice emanates through the eyes.

"There are two necessary secretions I must reproduce--saliva and semen. Lie back and watch the screen in front of you. It is part of a simulator."

Peter looked at a large television-like screen in front of him. A small beam of light came from above the screen and focused on his lips. He realized that the beam was not light, for it gently pried his lips apart and entered his mouth. Another beam focused upon his crotch and he could painlessly feel the beam enter his penis and probe deeply. Soon, the beams disappeared.

A clicking sound then came from the screen.

"There seems to be a problem. The simulator tells me that semen is made up of inert and living matter. It cannot reproduce the living matter."

"That's the sperm. It's not necessary. The

taste and consistency come from prostate fluid."

"I know."

"Sure. Now that I told you."

"I picked it up before you formulated your answer, Peter."

"Smart ass."

Suddenly, the screen became illuminated and exposed a three dimensional image of a white, stomach-like object. The humanoid form became enshrouded with an eerie light and the skin began to part from its neck to its bare public area.

Peter stood and looked down at the form. Inside the torso, he could see a white, plastic-like musculoskeletal framework. The image on the screen began to fade out and the system began taking form inside the humanoid's chest cavity. After forming completely, a large, white tube accompanied by a smaller one exited the object and weaved through the framework to the throat. Simultaneously, two other small tubes exited the bottom end, extended to the pubic area, then joined into one tube which projected several inches outside the skin.

"I have observed that you consume a liquid called water and other liquids which sustain you, then expell the waste through the penis. This system will utilize any liquid and extract water for the synthetic process of manufacturing the saliva and semen. The waste will expell in the same manner as yours."

"How about food?"

"Ah, yes, food. There will be occasions when I will have to go through the motions. No problem. The food will merely drop to a holding tank and expelled as needed.

"Now, we must create a penis. Since I have no data on this organ, we must develop one. Please lie down."

Peter lay on the chair and was startled as it elevated and expanded somewhat.

"You will be the model for basic structure," said the sphere.

Another wider beam of light came from the ceiling and illuminated his flaccid penis. The clicking sound resumed.

"I have surmised that, in its flaccid state, its prime use is to expel urine. Good....I'm getting the rest from you. Now relax and create one in your own mind."

Another beam centered on his forehead.

"First, skin texture. Dimensions in the flaccid state. Now erect. Here it comes on the screen. Why is it so much larger than yours?"

Peter struggled to suppress laughter and almost choked.

"Now, we transfer. Good."

Peter felt the urge to look, but could not move his head.

"Now, the testicles. Very good. Good proportion. Now, we transfer. Good. It's done."

The beams disappeared and Peter turned to look. The penis and testicles appeared quite real.

"Relax a minute, then we do the face, neck and body hair."

Peter absently pulled at his penis, then felt disappointed that he couldn't create genitals that large for himself.

"Again. Concentrate on an image of the face, neck and body hair."

The beam at his forehead reappeared. A distorted image appeared on the screen, then another, superimposed.

"Concentrate more," whispered the sphere.

Peter began to perspire and struggle with his concentration.

"Stop," the sphere said, abruptly.

The beam faded away from his forehead.

"Consciously, you are unsure of the image, ye your inner mind is furnishing a very distinct image. L me transfer that image to the screen."

The chair tilted, exposing the screen to Peter. He began to weep.

****

He gazed at the human form on the table. It w now complete in every detail, except for a twelve inc incision at the back of its head. The sphere glided into his view.

"You're still sad. I wish you weren't."

"Afraid. That's Bob there, looking like he did the casket. When you enter his head, he'll be alive, fo crissakes." He swallowed and strained to hold back th tears. "I don't know if I can handle it."

The sphere moved closer, as if to comfort.

Peter's voice was trembling. "We're....we're bringing Bob back from the....back from the ***dead.*** It's..."

"Bob ***is*** dead, Peter. It will be me."

"You knew all along, didn't you?"

"I felt that it was what you wanted. I also nee your undivided attention."

Peter glanced at the sphere and took a deep breath. "Then enter him," he said, softly.

The sphere remained motionless. Peter looke again at the android and closed his eyes. The sphere then moved to the rear of the android's head.

Peter heard a movement and slowly opened hi eyes. The android stood over him, smiling. Its skin w smooth and unblemished. Its face was ruggedly handsome and that of a vibrant man in his forties. Its eyes were vivid green; hair, silky, reddish brown; body, powerfully constructed.

Bob.

"Hello, Pete." The voice was Bob's timbre an had the same inflection.

Same Bob.

"I can't allow myself....oh, Jesus..." He felt himself drifting away into a cocoon and mentally shoo himself. "I won't call you that name," he finally said a monotone. Suddenly, he laughed, nervously. "***And*** Yes, Andy. Short for android, don't you know." A ra giggle.

Not Bob!

Andy sat next to him and kissed him, holding him tightly. The chair began to rise and expand as he straddled Peter and kissed him wildly. Soon the chair became a bed and he reversed himself, placing his half-erect cock into Peter's mouth. Peter began to respond and reached erection. Smiling serenely, Andy masterfully reciprocated. As the spaceship silently lifted from earth, they feasted upon each other.

....fever brings tremors....blood cascades through swelling vessels, impelling cobraic penis dance....heavy legs clamp around my neck, bracing me for arriving hot muscle, gliding down saliva-slick throat....semen sizzles and cenges and rushes to mysterious conversion to sedative....

Permanent climax came and time was lost. Reality existed elsewhere. The sun rose on the moon's horizon and colored the ship with savage whiteness. Inside, the reflection of vivid lights dance over two writhing forms on a green cloud.

CONTINUED IN OCTOBER.....

AN UNFORGETTABLE MASSAGE BY A SENIOR MASTER

Located near Interstate 10 and Western in Los Angeles, this very talented 63 year old can make a new man of you in no time. Certified, safe, sensuous.....Gene, (213) 388-7240

FOREIGN DISTRIBUTORS WANTED

SWAN seeks distributors in Australia and Europe. Rock bottom prices available for responsible, knowledgeable parties who know the ins and outs of the importing of adult publications. A great opportunity!

IN THE STOCKROOM

by Jonathan Jay

When Art Bender, preparing
for section four of senior trig,
went to search in the stockroom
for mimeo fluid and a fresh ream of paper,
he found Clarence Hartman, a janitor
two years shy of retirement,
standing under a dim bulb
in front of a shelf of rulers,
breathing heavily and grimacing.

Sweat soaked Clarence's undershirt;
his pants were down around his ankles--
he was frantically yanking
his tremendous red pecker.
Art noisily let the door click
shut, and at once, Clarence looked up,
saw Art, and dropped his dick.
His mouth fell open, and he began
to gasp and sputter.

Finally the words came.
"Son of a bitch! I guess you got me.
Gonna report this to Dr. Kelly?"
"No," Art smiled,
"But Clarence, next time,
you should take better precautions."
"Yeah, I know," Clarence sighed,
running a hand through
his crisp white crewcut.

Art pushed in the doorknob's lock.
He shoved aside a cardboard box
to kneel in front of Clarence,
then took the shriveled cock
into his mouth, tongued its head,
and kissed its shaft.
It grew again to full size,
ten inches, pushing gently down
into the pleasant warmth of Art's throat.

Art gripped Clarence's smooth thighs
to steady himself
and let Clarence guide his bobbing bald head
until Clarence tensed and shook
and started to shoot,
and the fire-drill buzzer,
even in this small, remote closet,
could be heard screaming its unstoppable
NOW, NOW, NOW!

I WAS JUST THINKING

by Bill Harris

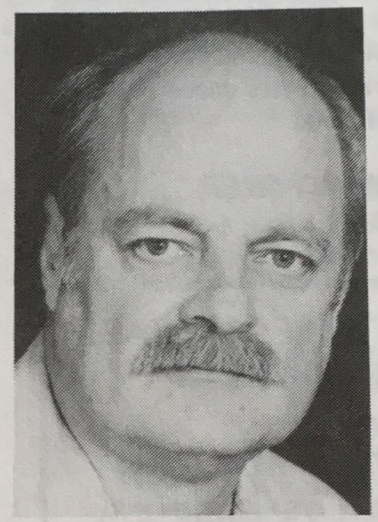
Haven't you always heard that gay men have a more difficult time adjusting to old age than do straight men? That's (excuse my limited vocabulary) **BULLSHIT**. If it should be true, however, then the happy, horny dudes I know must be the exceptions rather than the rules.

If there are those who want to "shelve" me because I'm old, I can cope with that. And the reason why I am a better coper than my straight counterparts is because I'm experienced; I have been coping ever since I first took a peek between the legs of my childhood friends and discovered that the litle boys' equipment was indisputably more exciting than the little girls'. And as that equipment matured, the excitement increased until WOW!! .....But I'm digressing--I do a lot of that, among other things.

But I soon learned also that my gourmet taste in genitals had to remain my own secret or I could be a very lonely boy, if not a mangled one, or both. So what did I do? I coped. If I could cope with homosexuality at age 12, I can certainly accept aging at my current count (somewhere between forty and death). For my macho straight friends, on the other hand, old age may be the first societal stigma they have had to confront.

While straight men were unable to make toast when their wives disappeared from the scene, gays are much better able to cope with such tragedy because they've always performed tasks with no gender identification. We're just as adept with an electric crepe maker as we are with an electric power drill (whatever that is). Weaker than heterosexuals? Don't you believe it! We couldn't have survived if we had been weak. Have you noticed that in neighborhood associations of "mixed communities," it is almost always the gays who are the presidents? That's because everyone recognized, perhaps unconsciously, that the gays have balls enough to stand up to city hall and fight. We're more adept because we've always had to fight. Weaker? No way!

This is not to say that aging does not present concerns to gays as well as straights (but then didn't childhood present problems?). This is just to refute the concept that, because older gay men are often rejected by their younger counterparts, it is more difficult for them to cope. Fortunately, thanks to angels like the publishers of SWAN and other similarly forward-looking individuals, some tools are being introduced to help those gay men who may be having trouble adjusting to advanced age. Support those projects that support us! If your community does not have a place where the older gay set can get together and meet each other, get your friends together and start a chapter of Prime Timers, as was suggested in the April issue of SWAN. One thing we must never do is drop out; coping tools are available, so get out and grab the brass ring. And, by the way, have you hugged an older gay man today?



THE POETRY O
MARSH CASSA

I sit here
worn out, directed out, written out;
lethargic, weighted down;
a rotten cold in my nose and throat and eyes.

And I think of you,
send out messages of affection;
tenderness that propels my thoughts
on sun-glazed blackbird wing
far, far
to an apartment I've never seen,
to a man I've held and loved.

And of a sudden I'm lifted,
weightlessly bounced and tossed
in joyful currents of air.

Oh, I'll come down
when it's time for rehearsal--later.
But I'll carry with me
wherever I go
the thought of you--
secret helium coursing my bloodstream,
lifting me high, high, high.

PUBLIC EXPOSURE

by RAPTOR

The bar was extremely crowded for cocktail hour, but Jerry was in the mood for a crowd. He stopped here often on his way home. The crowd was friendly and he liked the visual excitement of the variety of men that the small bar attracted. The music was Big Band and it wasn't unusual for a chorus of voices to sing along with the well known favorites.

It had been a rough day. Maybe he was getting old. Even though no one could believe that he would soon be 60, today he felt 160. He needed a drink and he needed a blowjob.

Almost all the men in the bar, he had seen here before. He had been greeted warmly when he had arrived 15 minutes before, and had waved and spoken to half a dozen regulars before taking a stool at the short end of the L-shaped bar. Paul, the bartender, had his scotch and water in front of him before he had his $20 laid on the bar.

"How's the best looking stud in KC tonight?" the nellie but funny barman chirped.

"Thirsty and horny," smiled the tan, strikingly handsome man, picking up his drink. "This will take care of the first part, now I'll just be horny." He sat the drained glass down.

"Well, let me get you another drinkette, and I'll put out a BIG DICK ALERT over the P.A. It is simply a zoo in here today." As he wiggled away, he turned and grabbed his tight-jeaned ass with both hands; and said with his best Marilyn Monroe lip quiver, "I get off at nine."

Jerry laughed and scanned the crowded room. His drink was delivered--with a wink--on the house. He saw a well dressed young man walk up to the bar station at the opposite end of the bar; and saw Paul gush to serve him, offering his tired old lines to the new face. While he was waiting for his drink, the man slipped a thin gold band off his left hand and, while reaching for his money clip, dropped it in his pocket. Jerry saw the man glance in his direction and he flashed him one of his best smiles. As soon as he had paid for his drink, the guy started working his way toward his end of the bar.

"Hi, is your name, 'Jerry?'" the almost timid sounding man asked, as he shrugged himself between Jerry and the guy on the next stool, who was sitting with his back to them both, engaging in an animated conversation with the little knot of 5 or 6 people standing and sitting at that end of the bar.

"Guilty as charged," Jerry said, looking over the body that went with the new face.

"Hi, I'm David. I'm a friend of Phil's. He said that, when I got to KC, I should find this bar and introduce myself to you." The man was blushing the color of his red tie and sticking out his hand.

Shaking the man's damp hand and trying not to laugh out loud, Jerry said, "Well, pleased to meet you, David. Who's Phil?"

"Oh, Phil...from Saint Louis. He met you here about six months ago. He was here for a sales show at Bartle Hall. He stayed at Crown Center and he said I should look you up." The young man was in obvious distress.

"Sure, I remember," he lied. "How is Phil these days?" He was amazed that he was supposed to remember a trick named Phil, from St. Louis, from six months ago! His smile seemed to help put the man at ease.

"Oh, he's great! He sure enjoyed meeting you and he told me all about you....I mean...what a nice guy you were."

Jerry enjoyed the attention and the compliments, but was mildly irritated that anyone should make assumptions about him or his activities, for whatever reason. "Well, how's your drink, kid? Hey, Paul!" he yelled at the bar queen, holding up two fingers.

While waiting for the drinks, the visitor talked non-stop about the city and the bar and Phil, while Jerry searched his brain trying to put a face--or a dick--on the famous Phil. Was he the corrugated cardboard salesman who had only wanted Jerry to sit on his chest and shoot a load in his face? Or was he the one who had wanted it up the ass, bent over the sink in the bathroom of his hotel room. That one wanted to look at his own face in the mirror while he was being fucked.

"....anyway, Phil loaned me one of his for my trip to Kansas City."

"What....one of what?" Jerry focused back on the younger man's babbling.

"A jockstrap, of course....Phil told me how much you liked it when he wore his."

A smile lit up Jerry's face as the facts

fell into place. He raised his glass in a toast. "Oh course, I remember Phil. I hope he's back on his game now," Jerry said with mock seriousness.

"Oh, he is, he is and he wanted me to thank you again."

"No problem, my pleasure!" laughed Jerry.

He remembered the whole scene. Phil had been 23 and just out of college. He was a basketball player who hadn't made the professional ranks. An impressive 6'-8", he was the tallest guy that Jerry had ever taken to bed. His fantasy had been to be called into the coach's office, wearing only his jockstrap, to be reprimanded for not working hard enough during practice. Jerry had been supplied with a cap that said COACH and a whistle on a leather thong. A smile came to him as he remembered the boy's intensity to please. Phil sure could suck cock.

"Anyway, I'm only in KC until tomorrow morning and I'm staying at the Plaza Hilton," the young man was saying. He was sounding nervous again.

Although Jerry's cock was telling him how nice it would be to take this young man back to his hotel and find out about his fantasy, his brain had remembered that he had invited his new neighbors, Tom and Mike, to his place for cocktails at 7:30. It was 6:30 now. Damn! Although Jerry was sure that he could arrange to come back and meet Dave later, he wanted him now! He was just the type that turned the man on the most. So eager to please, so willing to learn.

Turning slightly, so he could read the reaction on the Dave's face, Jerry reached out and cupped the back of the his neck with a large hand and drew him closer.

"Do you like to suck cock, Dave? Big ones, I mean?" The strong fingers massaged the tense muscles of the young man's neck.

"Uh, yes...uh sure, yes sir, I do."

"Well," said Jerry, unzipping his suit pants, "take a look at this one and see if it's big enough for you."

Dave stared down at the open fly. The thick cock completely filled the opening of the man's slacks. His eyes ran the length of it, from the hairy base to the heavy foreskin that covered most of the bulb-like head. It dangled some 3 to4 inches below the bottom of the padded stool that the man sat on.

"I.....uh....God....that's plenty...let's go!"

"Oh no, Dave....Here."

"What? Here? What can we do here? If you don't want to go to the hotel, then I have a rental car parked in the lot."

"People get arrested in parking lots, Dave. There are no policemen in here. It's the safest place in the world." Jerry was slowly stroking his thick meat.

"But...." The young man was glancing around the crowded room.

"Nobody's paying any attention to us, Dave." The man's cock was slowly growing even larger and now he had freed his massive balls from his boxer shorts. "You can come around on my other side and slip under the edge of the bar and sit on the foot rest. And if you hurry, you can feel this cock get hard inside that warm little mouth of yours. It's up to you, Dave. Now or never?" The perspiring young man moved clumsily, but quickly around the stool and, licking his lips, he disappeared below the bar.

The wet mouth of the young man made quick contact with the dripping slit of Jerry's cock. The warm lips stretched and pushed back the thick foreskin that was still gripping the heavy ridge that topped the dark crimson glans. Jerry shifted slightly to his right, so he could place one foot on the floor. Then, while reaching for his drink, he slid his ass forward on the stool, sending his now stiff horsecock deep inside the hungry man's mouth. He heard Dave's head as it slammed against the wooden underside of the bar and felt the gag contractions as the swollen head pushed insistently at the much smaller opening, lined by the velvet soft muscles of Dave's throat. The young man somehow managed to exhale and the barrier broke down. As the big dick slid further down inside the incredibly tight throat, Dave's lips became like a vise clamped on the heavy veined shaft.

This was hot! Not only was a good looking man going down on him, but he was doing it in a public bar! Jerry slid his ass back, just a little, to allow the young man a chance to breathe. But the frantic mouth followed, and pushed itself even lower on the man's proud cock. Then, a warm hand began massaging his large, bull-like balls, as the mouth continued to move and slide and suck. Slowly, Jerry began a controlled fuck motion, in and out of the hot mouth. The movement was imperceptible to those around him. The noisy group of men at their end of the bar, including the man on the next stool, were drinking, laughing and enjoying the music and each other, as they inadvertantly shielded the two men from the others in the bar.

Jerry wanted this young man's warm,

tight lips to suck his cock forever, but it had been over 48 hours since he had last shot a load and he could feel the delicious boiling pressure building in his swollen balls. Already, pre-come was juicing down the slick tunnel of the man's throat. When the low rumble of orgasm started deep in his groin, Jerry quickly tried to decide whether to allow himself to come while jammed deep in Dave's now compliant throat, or to ease back and fill his hungry mouth with his heavy cream. Then, somehow, the lips slipped lower, taking him all the way inside. And when his nose made contact with Jerry's mat of pubic hair, the red, swollen club exploded.

Every nerve in his body was now in his cock. It twitched and jerked and convulsed like a captive prisoner in a velvet prison. The young man swallowed again and again and again. The load was as huge and plentiful as the cock and balls that produced it. Soon, the delightful spasms subsided. The warm throat began to relax its hold and the blood-engorged head slipped free. Now, the young man's grateful tongue toyed hungrily for the last of the thick cream. He continued to suck as Jerry slowly withdrew, cleaning up every trace, until the deep red, still semi-swollen sausage slipped from his lips and rested on his upturned chin. Well, thought Jerry, as he reached for his drink, this might not turn out to be such a bad day after all!

Almost on cue, the bar crowd began to thin down. The group at their end of the bar was leaving en masse to go to dinner. The still dazed but happy, red-faced young man quickly and unobtrusively slipped up and onto one of the vacated stools. It was like he had been sitting there all along. As the group that was leaving for dinner was exiting, however, one of the queens, who had been standing on the fringe of their circle, looked over and caught Jerry's eye. He gestured ***shame, shame, shame*** with his manicured hands; then fanned at his face, rolled his eyes and left with the rest.

"You okay, son?"

"Yeah." He was wiping perspiration from his upper lip with his drink napkin. "I didn't think I could take it all. You've got the biggest cock I've ever seen."

"Well, baby, you're still pretty young. There's a lot you haven't seen, yet. You sure surprised me....I never would have guessed that you could suck cock like that. I hope you enjoyed it half as much as I did."

"I came in my jock while I was sucking you."

"I'm flattered!" laughed Jerry. "Why don't you go to the men's room and take care of that, and then you can bring me back a damp paper towel. I should be able to put this thing of mine away by then." He glanced down at his still semi-hard cock, which he had left exposed.

When David returned, he insisted on discreetly toweling off Jerry's big cock before he put it away and zipped up.

"Look, Dave....I've got to shove off. Give Phil my best and tell him to come to KC real soon. I hope you will be coming back, too!"

"Oh, I will, I will and thanks for everything, Jerry!"

"My pleasure. Hey, Paul." Jerry waved the bartender over.

"Yes, Master! Your wish is my command!"

"Dave here wants to buy a round for the house. And the rest of this is for you, right Dave?" Jerry nodded at the $50 that he had just laid on the bar.

"Well, well, well! The only thing I like better than big dicks are big spenders and, since it looks like he's leaving..." Marilyn Monroe was reappearing as Jerry walked toward the exit, announcing that she got off at nine.

AARON NEEDS MODELS!

North Hollywood artist seeks models 55 and up, most sizes/shapes--but especially "mature."

Do you have a fantasy that needs visualizing? I enjoy creating explicit ideas for those who can't find their tastes on the bookstands.

Write: AARON

SONNY
photo by DONNIE

THE ROVING SKEPTIC

by XYLOPHANG

In SWAN's very first issue (April 86) Pat Colley wrote an essay entitled, LISTEN TO YOUR GUT, which, among other things, proposed that our "gut" gives the best advice. Well, I fully believe in that theory and have been doing the same all my life. Most recently, my gut has revealed to me the truth about one of the most baffling of mysteries--that of who is telling the truth about AIDS.

I've become weary of the doubletalk of politics and big business. The conservatives call an issue black and the leftists call it white and I can see that it's grey. When I was in advertising back in New York, my bosses said that a project could be done and my fellow workers said that it couldn't and I knew that it would be done half assed, resulting in another pissed off client and another lay off when we lost the account.

I've become weary of all the buzzwords uttered by our leaders who have nothing new to say --have become numbed by the fact that the public has been fooled by buzzwords for years. Expressions like "family oriented" and "to protect our children" and "law and order"eventually became overused and meaningless. Words like "liberals" and "gays" and "minorities" became weapons and any politician or evangelist with charisma could whip a crowd up into a frenzie of hate at will. Even silence became a weapon. Something as simple as silence from our administration has been highly effective in convincing our more reactionary populace that AIDS is not their problem and that the gays will conveniently "kill each other off." The silence also tacitly approves of a horrifying surge in gay bashing.

In light of all this, I burned out and came out, only to be assaulted by more doubletalk and more buzzwords from "my own kind."

The news anchorman just said that AZT is being hailed as the most promising drug, yet the horror stories about side effects pour in. Responsible publications urge AIDS patients not to use AZT, yet its use is being increased dramatically. One doctor says that syphilis is the culprit and another says he's out of his mind, that it's HIV. One gay AIDS organization comes on like the Gestapo and another operates like it was run by Mother Teresa. One major gay newsmagazine reports on a frightening amount of incompetence, controversey and even subterfuge in the AIDS arena, while another bigger one drones on with the same old establishment shit, issue after issue.

A surrealism has enveloped us and, in order not to self-destruct, some of us tune out, knowing that someone is telling us a very dangerous lie out there. Others stop trying to figure it out and blindly follow the establishment, having been conditioned that conspiracies just don't exist. The ambience is highly volatile. Who will gain what for telling the lie and what will happen to them if their lie is exposed? Worse, what will happen if it keeps dragging on like this, with one calling it black, the other calling it white?..... And all the while, people die like flies.

But I know who is lying, because my gut reacted very powerfully when I looked down into the soulful eyes of 72 year old Salvatore Catapano, whose face appears on ***NEW YORK NATIVE***'s May 16th cover. I read the fascinating, in-depth article by Katie Leishman and shuddered at the abuse this man has endured and how he has determinedly pushed ahead and joined forces with men like Doctors Duesberg and Caiazza and NEW YORK NATIVE's publisher, Charles Ortleb, in the seemingly impossible task of convincing the entire medical establishment that they are WRONG and that they have a monstrous amount of blood on their hands. If you have AIDS or love someone who does or just want to read something that will lift your spirits, ***read this article***!

Mr. Catapano is not a physician. He does not have a Ph.D. He didn't even graduate from college. He learned his craft the old fashioned way and has worked in serology and hematology labs since he was a teenager. The patent is not a fluke. It represents the culmination of 15 years of research with the typhoid vaccine. The man knows what he's doing.

I'd give anything to meet this man, because I feel very strongly that he will eventually go down in history as the Jonas Salk of the AIDS pandemic. How wonderful it would be if the man who saved all those young lives turned out to be a stocky, doe-eyed, 72 year old man.

****

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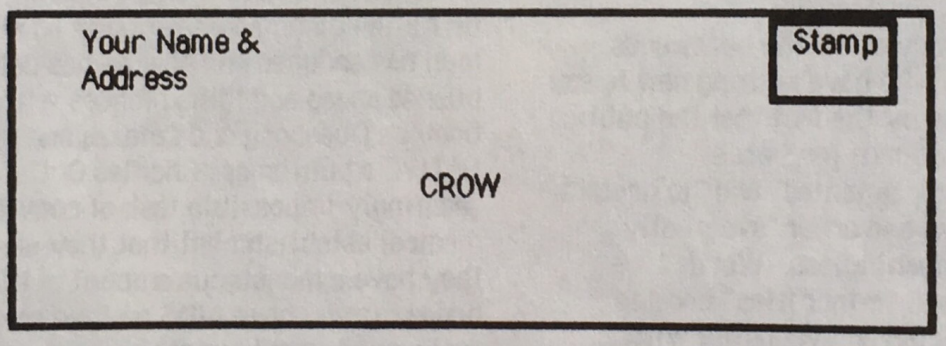

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ALASKA

LOOKING FOR SHORT CHUBS: Ages 30-70, prefer uncut with little body hair, to correspond with and possible meeting. Interested in photo exchange, nothing way-out, but enjoy lots of TLC. Travel extensively and may possibly visit your city. Insist on cleanliness and safe sex. Prefer "whole" person without any hang-ups. Looking for lasting friends only, not lover. Write: Al K., Box 90122, Anchorage, AK 99509. (K09-8/88)

ARIZONA

NEED A BUDDY, FULL OR PART TIME: GWM, 63, 5'-8", 200#, stocky build, masculine, blue eyes, bald with blond horseshoe, soft blond hair on chest and belly, hung very thick, retired military, easy-going. Spend winters in Phoenix apartment, then travel West Coast in summer with travel trailer. Looking for clean buddy, white, 45 to 70 years of age, retired military a plus. Enjoy photo exchange. Am open to suggestions to try other areas, too. Can travel and am also looking for buddies along the way. Answer my call and I'll respond! Wrtie: GOONY BIRD (G04-8/88)

LOOKING FOR CHUBBY, 60 OR OVER: GWM, 65, Phoenix Metro Area, 6', 205#, brown hair cut short, retired, hung short/cut, social drinker, smoker, like to travel, bridge playing. Widower. Looking for chubby gent, same age group with smaller to average endowment and view to a permanent relationship. Want a really affectionate, loveable man. My HIV test negative. Write: BECARD (B13-12/88)

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

SANTA CLARA: W/M, 61, 5'-11", 190, seeks friends who enjoy corresponding and exchanging nude photos. Your letter and photo receives mine in return! Come on, guys, looking forward to hearing from you! Al Dais, P.O. Box 3566, Santa Clara, CA 95055-3566 (D13-12/88)

NORTH CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: GWM, 63, 5'-10", 175#, salt & pepper hair--would like to meet GWM, 35-50, for friends, penpals and possible relationship. Enjoy outdoors, travel, entertainment. Trim and hairy are pluses. Can relocate for right person. Prefer West Coast. Sincere masculine men write w/photo to: Alan, P.O. Box 698, Gilroy, CA 95021. (R04-2/89)

SAN FRANCISCO: Quiet, affectionate GWM, 72, 5'-8", 160#, masculine, white hair, moustache. Would like to meet guys 40-60 for friendship and more. I am A/P French, 69. No kinky stuff or drugs. Like to watch Porno movies. Love to travel. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: YELLOWTHROAT (Y01-10/88)

CALIFORNIA/WORLDWIDE: GW Canadian, 67, 6'-0", 11 stone (154#), widowed, humourous Airline Retiree--have pass will travel with 6" cut mushroom gun. Swimming, hiking and nude in the sun. People, puzzles, Western--not rock. I like all that's fun. Write, visit, explore life and enjoy. Let's hear from Australia and New Zealand too. All answered. Write: Aquarius Three, P.O. Box 160482, Sacramento, CA 95816. (M34-8/88)

POLAR BEAR WANTED: WM, 42, 5'-11", 200 #, hairy bear, beard and moustache, sincere and affectionate, seeks new friends, contacts and action. I prefer chubby Wilford Brimley types. Send photo if possible and detailed letter. Write: J.R., 808 Post St. #716, San Francisco, CA 94109. (R19-8/88)

VALLEJO GWM LIKES 'EM BIG, HUNG & HORNEY: 51 years old, 5'-10", 190# w/7 1/2" uncut. I'm a tennis player, honest, sincere, good sense of humor who likes BIG men with BIG equipment. I am bald with a little brown horseshoe haircut, hairy body. Prefer uncut, but if BIG with big balls, okay. No drunks, drugs, queens. Must be discreet and masculine. Enjoy video fuck movies and have video camera to make my own movies. Photo a must, phone number would be nice, but not necessary. Will swap photos, correspondence. Will answer all. Write: Sam, P.O. Box 895, Vallejo, CA 94590 (C19-10/88)

THE RED BARON of SWAN's video, CENTAUR SIX, wants to meet you. Let's compare our assets. All ages adored. If you didn't see my performance in CENTAUR SIX, I am 56, stocky, red headed and hot as a pistol. Photo and phone will be appreciated. Write to: WHIPPOORWILL (W21-6/89)

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

PHOTOS WANTED: 61, Big Man, 6'-5", 300 plus pounds. Fun to talk to and be with. Wants to correspond with short, stocky or fat men, body hair a big plus. Many interests: Good conversation, most sports, growing cactus, lot of foreplay and sex after, getting to know each other. Prefer letters to phone calls. Letters with photos answered first. Write: Big "D" P.O. Box 702, Paso Robles, CA 93447. (S24-8/88)

HANFORD: Middle aged GWM, 5'-11", 197, brown hair (not grey or dyed) interested in friends, buddies, companions, home nudists, exhibitionists, 35 to 60, non hairy, in mid Calif., Visalia, Fresno, Hanford, Leemore area. Enjoy nude social activities, group voyeurs, pool, massage parties. Non-smokers, nondrinkers only. Enjoy TIT love and work, also body shaving, safe sex. Write Rick, P.O. Box 1149, Hanford, CA 93232-1149.
(F05-8/88)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SANTA BARBARA AND VENTURA: W/M, 72 years old on July 4, 1988. Physically and sexually active, 5'-8", 160 #, A-P/Fr, P/Gr, very affectionate. Seeks contact with one guy or a coouple for fun and games. Write: Yankee Doodle, P.O. Box 123, Oak View, CA 03022
(H01-2/89)

I'VE GOT BALLS! 62 year old, hairy hunk, 6', 185#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, well hung, clean shaven, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry and then some. Any age or race is fine. I have no top/bottom hangups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: K.S.S., P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.
(S02-10/88)

NORTH HOLLYWOOD: White male, mid forties, 6', 210#, thinning blondish blue eyes, hairy, husky build. Enjoy most safe and sane french action and tend toward bottom role. Enjoy issatiable types and lots of close body contact. Enjoy giving massage in relaxed environs. National contacts. Write: AVOCET
(A05-12/88)

BURBANK WANTS PASSIVE: GWM, 55, 6', 200#, hairy and strong, seeks friendly, actual passive. Enjoy men over 40 up to ? All welcome but silver or grey hair and under 6 feet are pluses. Am aggressive but gentle. I want a light or casual affair--the closer the better. San Fernando Valley, Glendale preferred. All considered. Answer all. Write: L.O., P.O. Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.
(M05-12/88)

OCEANSIDE: Cum tan your hide in Oceanside with me near the beach. I'm a hot, HORNY, 63 year old GWM PIONEER SWANERO, 5'-7", stocky build. As a retired, straight-appearing, international administrator, I live discreetly. I am a non-smoker and avoid drugs, but am versatile in bed. Your photo gets mine. Write: QUAIL.
(D02-10/88)

MATURE TEDDY-BEAR WANTS SAME: GWM, 46, 5'-9", 180#, 7" cut, affectionate, furry and masculine; looking for "special buddy" with similar characteristics for on-going safe and reciprocal phallic-worship; including A/P French, J/O and 69. Prefer a very hairy, bald, stocky, denture wearer with a large, thick-cut endowment and big, juice filled low hangers. Want a real man who is eager to suck and be sucked, "butch style." Photo appreciated with explicit letter. Southern California/L.A. only. Want action, not just words! Write: PHOENIX.
(R03-8/88)

LOS ANGELES: WM, 56, 5'-8", 155# 5 1/2", salt & pepper hair, blue eyes. I travel a great deal, but am looking forward to retiring. Would like to meet bisexual white man, 60 to 75, clean & healthy, warm hearted, who likes kissing and cuddling. Must be very well hung. Cut or uncut, okay. I am starting a new life. Have been married for many years, but am free now. I am also interested in nudity. No drinkers or drugs. Masculine only, with big balls and grey hair. Write: Mr. Michaels, P.O. Box 69-A-61, Los Angeles, CA 90069.
(M18-8/88)

WEST HOLLYWOOD DAD: 49, 5'-9", 210#, engineer, wants a totally self-supporting son who doesn't use drugs or alcohol. Let's touch each other and sleep close. I'm a safe top, like mutual JO, movies, bicycling, and overnight trips. Call: George, (213) 851-0369.
(B20-10/88)

DAD: Late sixties, affectionate and sincere, horny and masculine too. Seeking sex and imaginative letters from hot guys any age nationwide. Photo appreciated. Uncut a plus. Write: Art, 1946, N. Kenmore, Los Angeles, CA 90027.
(M03-10/88)

HEY! ARE YOU: A masculine, dominant top under 55 years of age? I'm GWM, 70, 5'-7", 210#, balding grey, blue eyes.... And I need you. Be reliable, sincere, clean and fun. I am! Call: K.P. - LA area (213) 374-0206.
(J03-10/88)

PALM SPRINGS AREA: GWM, 65, 5'-9", 200#, muscular, hairy, masculine, silver hair, very healthy. Enjoy literature, theatre, classical music and the outdoors. Have own business and home with spa and pool. Seek GWM retiree who is stable, intelligent and someone who can relocate. Serious replies only. Write: SEA EAGLE
(S19-10/88)

SHERMAN OAKS: 6'-2", 225 lbs of muscle, weight lifter, 52" chest, 38" waist, 18" arms, big pecs and big hot nipples, medium hairy, 7" cut, big low hangers, hot, passionate, affectionate, demonstrative, deep throat (safe sex) and more, plus 66 years old, moustache and damned attractive. Looking for friends, companion and lover--one to one. Write: L.G.M., P.O. Box 5781, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413. Photo and phone number please. Go for me!
(M07-12/88)

RELATIONSHIP: B/M, 31, 5'-7", 160#, working, seeks W/M, 45+, stocky, clean shaven, for loving, live-in relationship. Write: Richie, P.O. Box 654, Reseda, CA 91335.
(P12-8/88)

YOUNG MAN WANTED IN PALM SPRINGS: GWM, 56, professional, distinguished, 5'-8", 170, seeks 21-30 Caucasian, Hispanic or Asian gay male who enjoys older men. Me: Gentle, caring, easy-going, but success-oriented. You: compatible personality, with slim to moderate build. I seek someone to share bed, apartment and life, who is willing to work to contribute to own support, or vigorously pursue college or technical training. I do not desire to be a "sugar daddy" to anyone. Will help personable, friendly guy who lives in, or would like to live in, desert area--Palm Springs or environs. Enjoy tennis, swimming, long drives a plus. Prefer no drugs, smoke or alcohol, but some moderate use okay. Write: BACHMAN'S SPARROW.
(B22-10/88)

50 OR OLDER TO PLAY with the healing arts of kissing, cuddling, love-making and an affectionate WM, 5'-8", 150, Brazilian, who is genuinely into older men and lives in Beveraly Hills. From Rossini to Einstein, any art, any science interests me. If you like fine dining, movies and fun, this 25 year old would love to hear from you, if you would be so kind. Priority for those under 6'-2" with less than 200 pounds. Clergy extremely welcome. Write to: "Toucano", 270 N. Canon Dr., Suite 1360, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.
(R18-8/88)

LOS ANGELES: Masculine, white, monogamous minded, professional, 64, 5'-10", 162#, hairy body, average hung with bull's balls, cut, HIV-Neg, salt and pepper with beard, non-smoker, seldom drinker, nudist. Incredible masseur. Love intimate, active life with right person. Seeking younger son-lover, HIV-Neg, to share life. All races okay. Asians, Latins Blacks are a plus. Please be stable, loving, sincere. Your nude photo, phone get mine. Serious replies to Gene, P.O. Box 74150, Los Angeles, CA 90052.
(W19-2/89)

ROOSTER HAWK SEEKS ELIGIBLE EDIBLES: GWM, 32, 5'-10", 270#, brown/brown, good looking, charismatic, fun loving, masculine--seeks mature roosters with big, thick hands and fingers. Beer bellies, bald, dentures, husky okay too. Must have pleasant disposition and positive outlook. Looks unimportant. Write: ROOSTERHAWK
(B24-10/88)

PANORAMA CITY: New to San Fernando Valley, GWM, 55, 5'-6", 175# , 7" cut, brown/brown. Looking for friends, companions, possible relationship with right person, 35-60 years. Must be stable, financially secure, clean and honest. I am highly sexual and enjoy most types of activities if safe. I am affectionate and am into long, frequent sessions. All responses with photos will be answered. Write: Kent, P.O. Box 44446, Panorama City, CA 91412-0446.
(K13-10/88)

LOS ANGELES/ORANGE COUNTY AREA: WM, 62, 5'-7", 170#, white wavy hair, blue eyes, healthy and enjoy life. Would like to meet others for good times and friendship. I am well educated, have a pleasing personality, love kissing, cuddling and the companionship of another male. Some of my interests are music, art, reading, movies, xxx rated male movies, theater, out-of-doors, etc. I like people of all ages and races, however Latins are a plus. If you are interested, write to me and include your phone number. A photo would be appreciated. Write: REDSHANK.
(R20-8/88)

LOS ANGELES/SANTA BARBARA: Professional GWM, 63, 6'-2", 180#, hairy, brown/green, swimmers body, cut 9" X 6". Discreet. Seeks younger men interested in mature, in-shape, active guy. No fats, smoke, drugs or drink. Big balls a real turn-on. Photo exchange. Write: ARJEE, Box 1772, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.
(G20-1/89)

LA JOLLA: Bi W/M, 55, 6'-2", 210#, to meet/correspond with other horny compatibles. Any, size, shape, color. A/P any sane sex that feels good. Love fondling, nudity, french and creative assplay. Mild kinks okay. W/S? Want friends, not lovers. Write: H.B., P.O. Box 8376, La Jolla, CA 92038.
(B25-8/88)

TANGO ARGENTINO: GWM, 57, 165, 5'-7", stocky, hairy, well hung, non-smoker --I am honest, sincere, professional and successful, masculine, very affectionate, A/P French or A/Greek. Seeks older, masculine, husky men. Can travel and entertain. Write: CONDOR or call (213) 487-6312. Any photo gets mine.
(A15-8/88)

JOE BISHOP
photo by HARRY HUNGERFORD JR.

COLORADO

BRUSH: Military Retired, white male, 58, 5'-8", 160#, brown eyes, salt/pepper hair, 6 1/2" cut, horny, clean and safe. Welcome letters from 50 to 80 years young for fun and games. Answer all. Write: BEETDIGGER
(T06-10/88)

CONNECTICUT

E. HARTFORD: Horny, masculine, retired, 55, 5'-10", 178#, brown hair, hazel eyes, uncut 7+ inches. Enjoy slow, sensuous caressing and French loving. Would like to meet and/or exchange photos with masculine mature men, 55-80. My fantasy man would look a little like Archie Bunker or the father on Happy Days. Prefer non smoker, casual drinker with very little body hair. Plusses would be into golfing, bowling, nude bathing and dentures. Please write and exchange photos to: Auditor, P.O. Box 18601, East Hartford, CT 06118.
(L09-8/88)

HARTFORD: Youthful, mid 50's, 5'-9", 190#, healthy, energetic, non-smoking Catholic. Wide range of interests include: The Arts, theatre gourmet cooking, quiet times, wild times, travel, books, visual stimulation. Seeking emotionally mature guy who appreciates and is ready for committment. Pen pals are great, but you can't hug a letter! Relocation on my part a definite possibility. Write: SWAN READER, P.O. Box 31463, Hartford, CT 06103.
(A03-10/88)

HADLYME: GWM, 5'-8", 170#, 62 years young. Grey with moustache and goatee. In good shape. Seek lifemate, no age or race limitations. Love nudity and nature, have log home and boat. Into good music and theater. Pipesmoker, no alcohol or drugs. No objection to moderate indulgence. Will take early retirement and have 100% availability for you. Write: P.L.S., Box 438, Hadlyme, CT 06439.
(S25-10/88)

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON, D.C.: Semi-retired, white, husky man, masculine in both demeanor and appearance, 6' 220#, 61 years old, gray beard/mustache, crewcut brown hair, moderately hairy, 6 1/2" uncut, beer-gut. Am honest, straightforward and 100% uninhibited about ALL male sex. Am primarily a sucker and licker, front and back, all over, and prefer the same. Also heavy into J/O and W/S and phallic-worship. Lengthy discussions about our cocks and balls. If distance is too great for a meeting, will correspond/swap naked photos with men everywhere who can be open and honest about their needs and wants, and listen to mine. Cocksize is of little importance. Prefer heavyset, either tall or stocky men, hairy and uncut, 40-80, but absolutely ALL will be answered. Am single, live alone in an apartment, am friendly and down-to-earth. All I ask is that you be mature and masculine, and love cock. Write: GANNET
(G14-8/88)

FLORIDA

SEEK DOMINANT MASCULINE BUDDY: Masculine, creative, mature, submissive Italian, 55, 5'-11", 178#, needs and will earn the attention of an ardent, unselfish, mature, very Greek/active, educated man (black/white). Prefer very stable, very loving man of dicipline (career military/law/engineer), who has a great appetite for administering deep, deep affection. Share intelligent conversation, quiet music, outdoors, TLC, each other. No good alone--Need hairy buddy for long relationship. Reality, not fantasy. Photo gets mine. Write: Chuck Travaglio, 600 N.E. 25th St. #75, Miami, FL 33137 or call (305) 576-5728.
(T02-2/89)

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA: Quiet gentleman, retired professional, 55, white, 5'-7", 160#, brown eyes, brown/gray hair. Seeking permanent relationship with quiet, masculine, clean-living 25-40 year old man. I am affectionate, caring, clean and sincere J. Lemon lookalike. Write: P.J., 1195 NE Maraldo Ave., North Port, FL 34287.
(H18-8/88)

WANTED: BIG, HAIRY MEN: Wanted by 39 year old redhead. Me: 5'-10", 185 lb, HIV neg. and want to stay that way. Prefer SERGEANT SAVAGE (Feb88) type, but all will be answered. Age is a state of mine. Answer my call nationwide. Write: David Middleton, P.O. Box 76102, St. Petersburg, FL 33764.
(M24-8/88)

YOUNG MAN SEEKS OLDER GENT: Mature, straight acting, masculine GWM, 30, 6'0" and 165#, seeks safe, discreet gentleman, 40-65. Prefer hairy and muscular or stocky type. I am fairly hairy and hung large. I would like an older buddy with whom I can share caring, honesty and trust, as well as fun and great sex. Photo gets mine. Write: D.J., P.O. Box 05-0852, Ft. Myers, FL 33905.
(J01-2/89)

CENTRAL FLORIDA-U.S. 27/441: Couple, 66, 6'-1", 145# and 63, 5'-7", 135#. Singles or couples 35+ for friendship and/or sex on a one to one basis welcome to our home located 8 miles north of Leesburg, 23 miles south of Ocala. No drugs, S & M, freeloaders or collect calls. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32659. Phone: (904) 753-2857.
(B09-4/89)

CENTRAL FLORIDA: Masculine, GWM, 58, 6',150#, grey/bind, clean shaven. Do not drink or use drugs of any kind. Extremely oral. Worship cock, balls and ass. Compatible 3 ways OK. Professional. Discrete. Clean and healthy. Come visit for fun and great sex. Race and size unimportant. Write: M. Wood, 2681 E. Washington #10, Eustis, FL 32726. (904) 589-6975. (W18-4/89)

ST. PETERSBURG: Two men who like men, but no drugs, no fems, no S & M. Want some great friends and good hot sex. Write: Homik, P.O. Box 37142, St. Petersburg, FL 33743. (E05-8/88)

WANTED - 2 ELDERLY GWM: to share my lovely home in Central Florida. Will provide a clean home, including all meals, laundry, phone, large room with private bath, air conditioning. You must be able to care for your personal needs. I am honest and sincere. I care. George, P.O. Box 854, Eustis, FL 32727. (G20-8/88)

FLORIDA - NATIONWIDE: GWM, 60, 6', 190#, hairy, well hung-thick uncut, masculine, hot and horny, seeks hot penpals, nationwide, all ages for correspondence and nude photo exchange. Write: AUKLET (A15-10/88)

GEORGIA

ATLANTA: GWM, 45, 6'-2", 210#, smoker and moderate drinker would like to meet 50+, very hairy, husky, 200#+, muscular man for friendship and possible living and traveling together. Lost lover of 15 years last year. Have still a lot of love to give and to receive. I am financially independent and secure. Enjoy very much the home life and another's company instead of running to bars. Really not interested in fems or drugs, nor one night stands, but a stable mature person. Letter with photo would be appreciated. Write: OSPREY. (P02-10/88)

ATLANTA: GWM, 44, 5'-11", 170#, non smoker, quiet, loving, love to travel, snow ski, dining out. Could relocate (especially California). Seeking 50+, heavy set, straight acting person for traveling companion or permanent relationship. Appreciate photo with letter. Write: MURRELET. (M25-4/89)

ILLINOIS

TO CHICAGO AREA OLDER MEN: I am 63 and of Italian extraction. Would like to develop intimate relationship with a really older man, late 60's, 70's, 80's or even early 90's. Old age is a turn-on for me. I would love to massage you all over and make you feel good in return for your affection. Send photo and I'll send mine. Write or call: Victor J. Engandela, 8465 W. Lawrence Ave., Apt. 3A, Chicago, IL 60656. (312) 589-2882. (E02-12/88)

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS AREA: Gentleman, 61, 6'-4" tall, weight 180's, white, single, quiet, conservative, somewhat of a loner. Mail address private. Offer and expect discretion, trust and reliability. Seek kindred soul as to myself but would consider dad/son relationship. Southern Illinois, St. Louis area, Western Kentucky and Southeast Missouri. Man-to-man relationship ONLY! Send replies to SWAN READER, P.O. Box 5, Steeleville, IL 62288. (S01-8/88)

CENTRAL ILLINOIS: Chubby Chaser, GWM, healthy, well built, moderate body hair, 64, 5'-9", 180#, free to travel, collect VCR movies. Desire mature, heavy-set for correspondence and meeting. Will exchange pictures and return them if desired. Write: NUTHATCH. (N04-10/88)

CHICAGO AREA: GWM Engineer, 60, 6'-1 1/2", 200# wants any age, 220# plus, strong, heavyset playmate bottom to horseplay, carry me piggyback, mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, cuddle, safe sex, etc. with me. Write: John Lange, P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. (L03-4/89)

KENTUCKY

CALLING ALL COCKSUCKERS-YOUNG AND OLD: GWM, 70, 5'-11", 160#, 6" cut, looking for kindred spirits (and bodies). I like cock, kissing, cuddling, affection in and out of bed. Can travel to meet you. Write: Jim Wilson, P.O. Box 1767, Lexington, KY 40501. (W13-4/89)

LOUISIANA

BATON ROUGE: GWM, sixtyish, 5'-9", 190#, semi-retired architect. Widower. Active physically and sexually. Versatile. Interested in all the arts, travel, good food and wine, spectator sports, gay VCR tapes, interested in pen-pals any age or location and possible meetings. Not looking for permanent relationship. Write: Smith, 7640 LaSalle #201, Baton Rouge, LA 70806 Phone: (504) 923-1432 (S15-10/88)

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE: 64 year old, retired artist, 5'-6", 160#, mostly gray hair and beard. Hairy body, horny bisexual. Love passive French, also I'll reciprocate with J/O and mouth/tit work. Looking for more friends in area, not just sex. Affectionate. Interests: Art, music, pets, gardening, astrology. Write: SKUA
(S27-4/89)

MASSACHUSETTS

NAVY WANTS NAVY: Navy vet, 67, WWII and Korea (submarines), blue eyes, greying brown hair, 5'-7", 130#, wishes to correspond with other veterans and those who always admired and wanted sailors. Men who wear black socks are especially sought to compare the magic these socks have on each of us. Eager to meet and enjoy mutual nudity and male sex. Write: COCKATIEL
(G15-8/88)

MASS/USA: GWM, 62, 5'-7" 145#, blue eyes, gray/brown hair, good buns, healthy, masculine, affectionate, ex-Navy. Travel widely on job, like reading, music, swimming, sunbathing (nude) and travel. Seek similar men (40+), any race, who enjoy massage, body contact with J/O and French. Let's correspond, exchange nude photos. Possibly meet for companionship, fun, nudity and male sex. Write: SWAN READER, DELTA/157, 310 Franklin St., Boston, MA 02110.
(F01-12/88)

PROVINCETOWN: Anybody out there who would like to exchange nude photos and correspondence, for safe fun, with a GWM, who is 40 years old, 5'-8", 150#, 7" cut, brown eyes, average good looks and balding? I'm turned on to mature men, both in mind and body. Age, weight, looks unimportant. Your nude photo gets mine. I'm honest and discreet. Please reply with photo to: Vince, P.O. Box 1382, Provincetown, MA 02657.
(Q01-8/88)

NEW ENGLAND TO SOUTH FLORIDA: GWM, 47, 6', 200#, winters in Florida. Looking for straight appearing sexy men 55 up for good times. Pluses are SWAN model and cartoon types. I'm A/P FR and GR, straight acting, cuddly, good looks, aggressive. So seniors, write frankly and tell me what you like. Photo a must. Telephone # if possible. I can travel and have photos. Write:THRASHER
(T05-8/88)

ROBIN NEEDS SEED: 56, W, 5'-8", 195#, blue/brown (greying), stocky, thick cut 6", athletic, love bicycle trips, stopping to make love with all ages, sexes, singles, groups. Very sweet, active, exhibitionistic, photogenic. Can be dominant with women. With men, am soft, feminine, submissive and receptive all ways and openings. Eager to insatiable when taken often or by many at once. Can travel. Write: Robin Peterson, 89 Massachusetts Ave., Box 167, Boston, MA 02115.
(P14-10/88)

MICHIGAN

LIKES BIG BUNS: White male, 27, 5'-7", 150#, thick 6" cut, brown eyes and hair, moustache, hairy chest, affectionate, wants to hear from heavy seniors with big buns. Prefer 57-70, under 5'-10", over 220#, grey or white hair, balding ....and big buns. Interested in hot sex and lasting friendship with the right man. Please send photo. Will answer all letters. Write: M.G.S., P.O. Box 9312, Livonia, MI 48150.
(S20-8/88)

MINNESOTA

SAINT PAUL: Closets are for clothes! This 58 year old is not about to hide in a closet. Would like someone to share theater, films and candlelight dinners. Maybe travel. Who knows what else? Write: HIRUNDO
(H27-12/88)

MISSOURI

MID MISSOURI: W/M, professional, 64, average size, wants to makefriends, 35-70. Quiet and somewhat shy. El Chaparral great. Married, okay. Cleanliness and discretion important. Enjoy travel, theatre, nudity. Big, stocky, hairy great but not a must. Photo and phone number, please for this uncut and horny guy. Some travel possible. Write: FINCH
(F04-8/88)

NATIONWIDE: Want to catch a horney, handsome, GWM, silver fox, 59, 6'-1", 190#? Masculine, outgoing, passionate, professional designer. Like all the arts, gourmet cooking, good wine, videos and a hot sack! Interested in explicit correspondence, phone calls, possible meetings, and even possible future relationship. Want to appreciate the pleasures of this man in high heat? Photo appreciated, will reciprocate. Write: A.H.H., 10310 Monarch Dr., St. Louis, MO 63136.
(H24-12/88)

MISSOURI: Oriental male, 33, 5'-10", 142#, professional, masculine, sensuous and clean. Seeks older 40-75, who is sincere, affectionate and good natured. Write: Linn., P.O. Box 8075, St. Louis, MO 63156.
(L15-12/88)

THE COLONEL
photo by KENT JUSTICE

NEW JERSEY

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM SEEKS GR/A TOP: Intelligent, masculine, Bi WM, 5'-11", 165#, 59, HIV neg., thick 6" cut, firm, lithe, gym-toned responsive body and buns, tactile and demonstrative, erect posture, steady gaze, high cheekbones, bald top/cropped salt and pepper fringe. Dig submission and control. Enjoy companionship, music, philosophy, art, science and psychology. Volunteer with disabled, am loyal friend. Any race, age, over 6" or thick. Call Ken: (201) 592-6690; if recording, leave number.
(G12-8/88)

NEW JERSEY: GWM, 60, 5'-8", 195#, brown hair (gray at temples). I am looking for young man who is interested in older, mature men. I am educated, friendly, loyal, sincere and generous. Good sense of humor. I am French A/P, masculine, and affectionate. Write: R.M. P.O. Box 200, Closter, NJ 07624.
(M28-12/88)

NORTHERN N.J. AREA: GWM, 27, 5'-11", 140#, brown hair blue eyes, seeks to establish a relationship with a mature man. I am clean, independent, sensitive and discreet. Enjoy art, quiet times, love dining out and trying new things. I would like to meet someone to spend my free time with. Please respond to: G.Mandon, P.O. Box 431, Ridgewood, NJ 07451-0431
(S25-8/88)

FAIRFIELD, NJ: Loving nephew, 37, over 300#, salt and pepper balding, blue eyes, hairy chest, large tits, would like to meet loving uncle. Do you like simple things in life, like taking a walk on the beach at sunrise? Will answer all. Photo appreciated. Write: James Dwyer, 8 Camp Lane, Fairfield, NJ 07006.
(D15-8/88)

LET'S PLAY WITH EM! Healthy, sane, dirty minded, in-shape, GWM, 55, 5'-10", 145#, fat 7" cut, with heavy hangers. Into massage, books, hiking, nudism, photography, video, music--seeks seasoned GWM, my age or younger for good times in and out of bed. Photo swap fine with me. Write: Tom Queenan, P.O. Box 1, Allentown, NJ 08501.
(Q02-8/88)

NEW YORK

NEW YORKER SEEKS DAD: I'm 61, GWM, who is just now "Lookin for Dad." I attract younger men but I want to service my Dad (see page 49 of August Issue); he's husky, dominant, loving, short or tall, black/white. I'm affectionate, attractive, well-built, 190#, 6', muscular, butch, hairy chest, smooth, well-rounded ass--all kinds of action, drink, smoke okay--no scat. Write: PARROT
(P09-8/88)

OLDER MALE FRIEND(S) WANTED: White, 61, 5'-8", 150#, grey/brown, non-smoker, very moderate social drinker, clean, gentle, affectionate (but not the over-cuddling, wet-kissing type), 6 1/2" cut X 5" thick. Prefer A/P French with older men, but would try passive French with younger ones (40's-50's). Seriously considering selling house and moving if right man (or couple) were found. Write: ANHINGA.
(A11-8/88)

TWO WISE MEN: 50 and 70, who love each other but want to meet hunky, hairy singles or couples. Not as threesomes, but one-on-one. Senior is 6', 190# silver fox. Junior, 5'-11", 187#, balding, with salt and pepper neat beard. Both attractive and successful. No bars, drugs, fems, kinks, just good safe sex. Versatile for he who pushes the right buttons. Photos will get ours. Write: J.R., P.O. Box 6503, FDR Station, New York, NY 10150
(L10-8/88)

SON SEEKS DAD: GWM, 35, dark brown hair, 150#, seeks over 50 masculine type. Live in the NYC area and looking for a good relationship. I am passive and enjoy serving my dad. I'm sincere, discreet, caring and eager to please. Able to travel. Send photo if possible. Write: A.R.C., P.O. Box 7630, FDR Station, New York, NY 10150
(A07-12/88)

SENIOR J/O: Senior white male likes masturbation with men over 55. Play with my hard on while I jerk yours. Can exchange explicit correspondence, tapes, photos, videos. Write: MOCKINGBIRD
(M13-12/88)

40 Y/O BOTTOM SEEKS TOP: GWM, Italian, hairy, moustache, masculine, 185#-solid, balding, 5'-11", stable, sane, not into bars, looking to please the right man (to 60) with lots of affection and hot (safe) sex. You: masculine, strong, hairy, moustache a plus (no beards). Live in Manhattan, travel U.S. and International. Correspondence, meetings--anything is possible. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: DOVEKIE
(D11-12/88)

BOSS RANGES FROM ROMANCE TO ROUGH: Stats: Healthy, hunky man, 48, 5'-7", 163#, well-built, rugged good looks, selfish yet caring, bright, warm, imaginative, sensuous, tactile, bearded, balding, big-dicked, tattoed, successful professional. Wears leather, Levis, boots as well as suits, ties & jocks. Have diverse interests and am a nice guy. Looking to meet another man/buddy, over 40, together mentally and physically to horse around with for a night or lifetime. Write with your phone number to: Bob Seifer, 260 West 22 St., New York, NY 10011.
(S21-12/88)

BIG GUY: 6'-3", 285#, 42, SWAN model. I am a masculine ex-navy man, beer drinker, cigar smoker with varied interests. I am bearded with a firm, furry beer gut. Looking for F/A companion, 50+. Would like to hear from all areas. See my photo in the June 88 issue. Write: MIKE (Codeword)
(D14-12/88)

CHUBBIES WANTED: GWM, 63, 5'-7", 175, grey/brown, seeks chubby, fat men to 50 (bigger is better). Prefer smooth bodies and under 5'-10", into mutual J/O and lots of cuddling. Not seeking relationship--friends and fun only. Your photo/phone gets mine. All answered. Write: Ernest Harff, 47 Lorraine Tr., Mt. Vernon, NY 10553
(H26-12/88)

50 YEAR OLD MODEL: Hot Latin, 6', 165#, black hair, brown eyes, clean-cut, French A/P, Greek P, dentured, not kinky. Seeks generous 55-75 Dad as a companion/lover. Interests: going to the beach, theatre, restaurants, giving full body massage. Can travel on weekends. Photo/phone a must and gets mine. Write: PUFFIN
(P15-10/88)

50+ SENIOR J/O: Senior white male seeks J/O and safe sex with husky males 40-60. J/O, tits, belly a turn on. All replies will be answered. Write: S.W., 333 Pearl Street, Apt. 12L, New York, NY 10038.
(W20-8/88)

MANHATTAN SWAN MODEL: Attractive man, mid fifties, 5'-8", good build, seeks friends. Write: John Preston, 125 E. 72nd St., New York, NY 10021. Tel. (212) 744-7644.
(P16-12/88)

NORTH CAROLINA

RETIRED ARMY MAN SEEKS TOP MAN: GWM, 59, 5'-8 1/2", 145# lonely, gentle guy looking for love, companionship, good times. I like to fish, hunt, go on long walks and enjoy quiet evenings. I'm a non smoker, mild drinker, good at oral sex and great bottom man. All letters answered. Prefer 40 and over age group. I'm full time employee at Ft. Bragg, N.C. Write: Andy, P.O. Box 124, Spring Lake, NC 28390
(A13-10/88)

Had you not been so damned cheap, your very own personal ad could have been printed in this spot and you could have been on your way to an adventure. SWAN ads get results! And they are the cheapest ads in any gay magazine. Place one TODAY!

OHIO

AKRON/CANTON AREA: GWM, 5'-10", 210#, 56, rugged, muscular, uncut thick, partially bald with grey/brown fringe, moderately hairy, man's man and SWAN model. Don't smoke or drink. Looking for an honest, caring, clean, trustworthy, big hearted, mature, father type, who is looking for an ultimate relationship. Write: BLUEBIRD
(P13-12/88)

OLDER SEEKS OLDER: Early retired white male, 58, 5'-8" tall, brown hair and eyes, seeks manly men over 60 for friendship and sex A/P French and some Greek. Must be clean with good sense of humor. Write: Fred Barrett, P.O. Box 81406, Cleveland, OH 44181.
(B25-8/88)

NATIONWIDE OR EUROPE: Companion-helper wanted by GWM couple, mid-sixties. We need a mature man, 30 to 55 to do minor maintenance in lovely, large home and care for small, formal garden. We provide private suite, expenses, small salary, happy life, friendship, love. Reply personal details and photo in first letter. Dave, P.O. Box 292255, Kettering, OH 45429-0255.
(D16-10/88)

OREGON

SOUTHWEST OREGON: GWM, 55, 5'-10", 200#, quite muscular, ex-football player, weightlifter, boxer, wrestler, rodeo rider. Seeks the quiet, fatherly type, discreet, non drinker, shorter, heavy set and over 55. Looking for permanent, live-in, one-on-one mate. Write with photo, please to: MEADOWLARK
(B02-8/88)

OREGON/WASHINGTON/WEST COAST: GWM, non smoker, 56, 5'-8", 155#, lite brown hair, blue eyes, good bod, 6" medium thick/cut. Has non-sexual relationship with lover. Would like to meet man in similar situation, non-promiscuous type, for on-going safe-sex buddy/friendship. I'm Greek active, primarily, but versatile. Will exchange nude pictures. Love the outdoors, skiing, swimming, hiking. Write SWAN READER, P.O. Box 387, Clackamas, OR 97015 (Portland Area)
(W09-4/89)

PENNSYLVANIA

MEXICAN DESCENT, GM, 54: Wants healthy, take-charge GWMs, 50+, for dating and exploring intimacy and friendship, then possible monogamous commitment. No alcohol/drugs, but okay if you're recovering. Youthful outlook and humor important. Like gardening, art, travel, some sports. Naturally affectionate and loves hugging, touching. Replies to: Destino Lindo, 2417 Manning St., Philadelphia, PA 19103.
(L14-8/88)

PA/NATIONWIDE: I want to be dominated by an older male, up to age 85. Want someone virile, robust and intelligent--beer belly and hung big or thick is a plus. I am 43, 5'-10", black hair, Italian descent, ultra slender, delicate physique, youthful appearance and outlook, 6 1/2" uncut. My interests include art, music, literature, writing, history, the occult and finding a lasting friendship with a virile older mentor. My personality is on the shy, sensitive, bookish side. Write: Carl, P.O. Box 5, Saint Clair, PA 17970.
(A14-4/89)

TEXAS

SOUTHEAST TEXAS: GWM couple, 67, 5'-10", 175# and 54, 6'-4", 200#. Looking for friends and J/O buddies. Californians temporarily working in Texas. We like beach movies, gay video, books, letters, photos. Write: B & J, P.O. Box 280, Wadsworth, TX 77483
(T04-12/88)

NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 42, stocky, nice looking, French only or J/O with masculine men, late fifties, 60's, 70's and up. No limit. Especially like white hair and/or moustaches or beards! Live with 79 year old prof lover --three ways fun too! Dallas-Ft. Worth area or travelers to Dallas. We are both HTLV Neg. Love theater, good restaurants, congenial friends. We are non-smokers, social drinkers. Write: Jim Bennett, 1705 E. Collins Blvd. Richardson, TX 75081.
(B22-12/88)

BIG GUY IN HOUSTON: GWM, 51, 6'-0", 240#, well proportioned, brown eyes, brown/grey hair, uncut with big balls. I like music, travel, outdoors, camping, swimming, fishing, walking and working in the yard. Travel to Tucson five times a year. Seek 55+, clean shaven, uncut. Heavy set a plus. Smoker and moderate drinker okay. Write: J.R. Hensley, 5202 Lindsay, Houston, TX 77023. Tel. (713) 921-0714
(H25-8/88)

TEXAS SACK 'N SADDLE MAN: 53, 5'-8", 135#, WM, masculine rugged lookin' former USMC "grunt," truck driver, pro rodeo (14 years), looks for 'em 40's through 60's who suck 'n 69. Not Greek Active or Passive. No fems, overweight, drunks, "beauties," dirt or drugs. No J/O or collect calls. White only. If you are at ease around and in hat, boots, blue jeans, barn stalls, pick up trucks, the country 'n others who would circle suck, in laps, call Dub at (817) 338-1460 (or 870-2045). Write w/photo to: Dub Martin, P.O. Box 9343, Ft. Worth, TX 76147.
(M30-8/88)

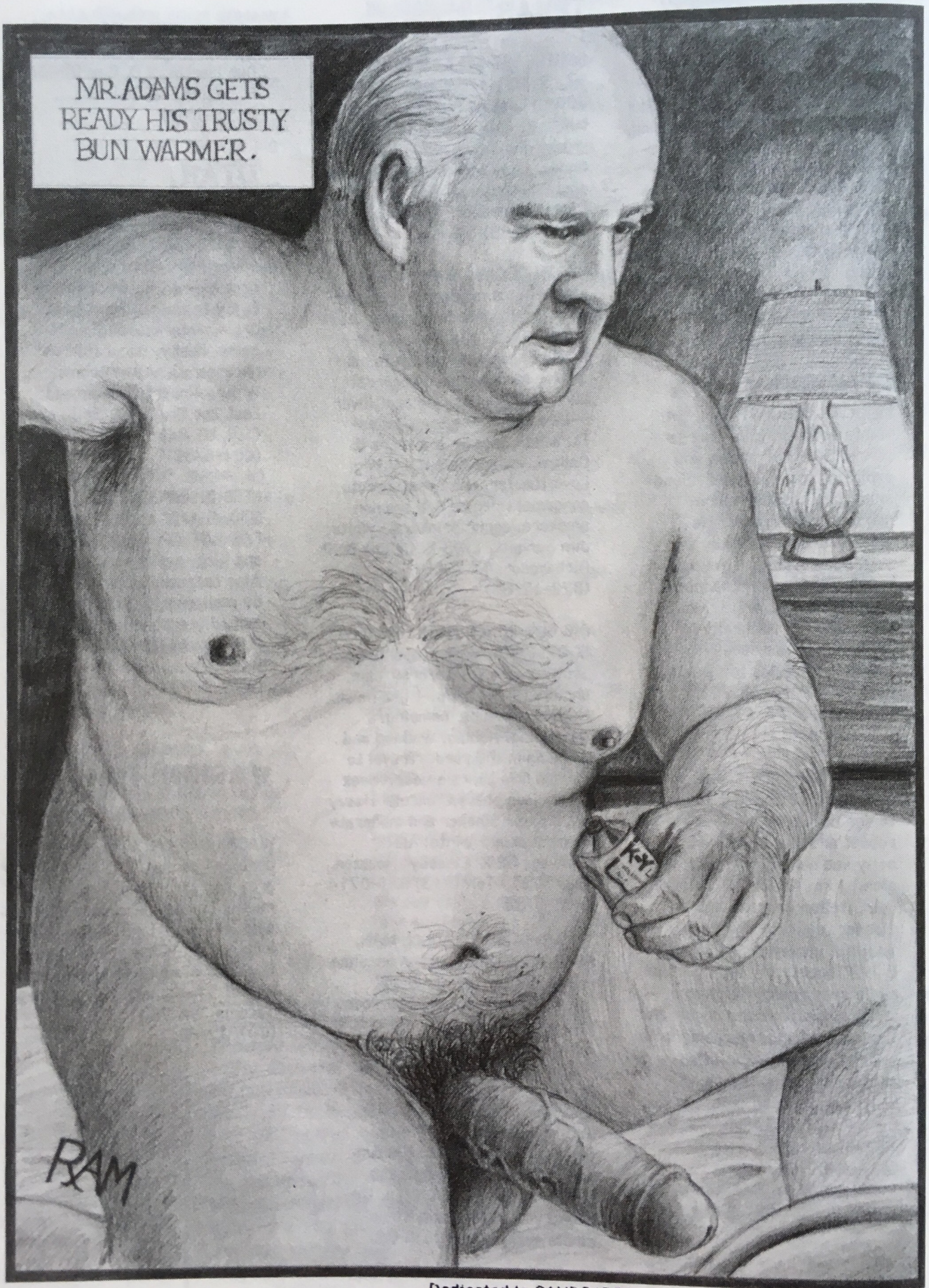
UTAH

SILVER BEAR: GWM, 67, 5'-11", 165#, hairy, uncut, silver hair, 'stache and short crop beard. Retired, active. Enjoy traveling, but do not drive. Interested in over 40, hairy, husky, uncut (but not necessary). All welcome. Write: Robert Chalker, 435 East 2nd South #2, Salt Lake City, UT 84111.
(C01-6/89)

NEED DISCIPLINE? 59, 5'-11", 230, 5 1/2" uncut, WM, into F/G A/P, CP, WS, CBTT, AT and Kink, seeks submissives. Also corresponds and works by mail/phone. Safe Sex as mutually agreed. Write: K.W., P.O. Box 1618, Ogden, UT 84402
(W22-2/89)

WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON STATE: Horny, dentured senior, 66, 5'-9", 180#, gray hair, french and greek A/P, mostly bottom. Possible relationship, any age. I am unable to relocate. Sex is not something to find, but a feeling to be shared. Write: Frank, P.O. Box 110772, Tacoma, WA 98411.
(C07-12/88)



.....Dedicated to SANDPIPER

SEATTLE AREA/NATIONWIDE: Seeking younger man to relate to muscular, masculine, successful retiree, 60 years young, 6', 195#. Enjoy all sports, the arts, travel, etc. Play racquetball, bicycle, bridge. Enjoy active life. Would like to correspond with a smooth bodied MAN with an eye to relationship. All will be answered. Write: SWANERO, c/o E.L.M., P.O. Box 94174, Seattle, WA
(S99-8/88)

SEATTLE AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 47, 5'-10", 180#, husky, friendly, amorous, bearish, would like to tangle moustaches with a man of similar attributes in my age bracket (40-60). John Breadstill, 1605 - 12th Ave. #30, Seattle, WA 98122, (206) 322-3820. NATIONWIDE: Send me a letter containing your sexual fantasies illustrated with nude photos and I'll reciprocate with story/nude photos.
(B21-12/88)

LUST FOR LIFE: 69, 5'-7", 142#, retired professor, adventurous, affectionate, sensitive, dependable, a good listener, open to new ideas, experiences and people. Interests: giving massage, sightseeing, visitors, classical music, the performing arts, photography, hearing your life story, new friends who are trim, health-conscious, open-minded and young at heart. Write: Tom Guion, 403 14th Ave., East, #37, Seattle, WA 98112.
(G19-10/88)

WISCONSIN

WISCONSIN: GWM, 62, 5'-9", 195#, masculine, white hair and moustache - Hairy. Enjoy outdoors and nature, gardening, travel, classical music, cuddling and quiet times. Am a non smoker and a social drinker. Seeking a masculine Black gentleman for traveling companion and to share life--good times and bad. Prefer someone from upper Midwest. No drugs or hustlers. Write: Lawrence A. Krause, 10706 Valley Line Rd., Gillett, WI 54124.
(K12-8/88)

WISCONSIN DELLS AREA: GWM, 67, 5'-9 1/2", 150#, blue eyes, greying hair, wirey/muscular, well hung, outdoorsman. Have a great sense of humor but no one to spring it on, at present. Will be SWAN writer and model soon. Seek masculine, mature man to share good times with. Write: STARTHROAT.
(S22-4/89)

MINNEAPOLIS/N W WISCONSIN: GWM, 59, 5'-9", 210#, stocky, masculine, blue/grey eyes, brown/grey hair with a hot mouthful of cut meat. I'm a cuddler who likes kissing, nippleplay, nudism, movies and French A/P. Prefer mature men who are hairy and cut, but not necessary. Any size and race okay. Enjoy letters, phone calls and photo exchange too. Will answer all replies. Write with photo (if possible) to: LOVEBIRD.
(L12-10/88)

CANADA

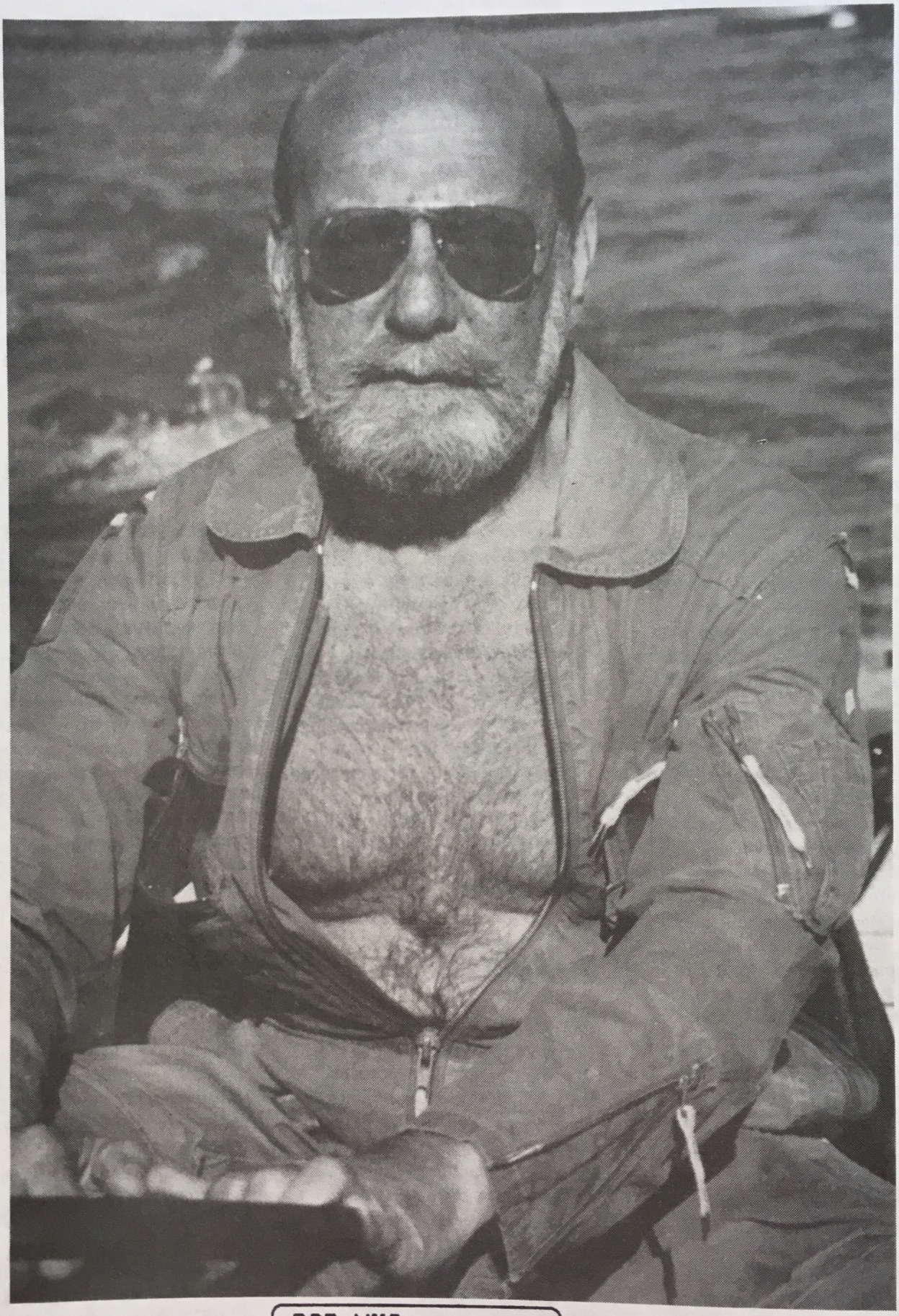
GET TO KNOW A NEIGHBOR: Horny, aggressive, retired Canadian, living in Vancouver, B.C., 65, 6'-1", 190#, wants to correspond with/meet Western seniors, heavy-set (stout), bald or grey. I like opera, Country and Western, square dancing. I'm healthy, keep in shape and travel extensively. I am sexually versatile and enjoy erotic correspondence. Write: HIRONDELLE
(J05-2/89)

BRITISH COLUMBIA: GWM, 60, retired paymaster, would like to correspond, visit and have guests. Currently own a bed and breakfast operation in mountain town in Northeastern B.C.. I'm 5'-10", 175#, non smoker, social drinker, full trimmed beard, little head hair, lotsa baby hair. I'd like to live and love in hot area Nov-April and have partner return to the mountains balance of the year. Write: L.D. Driver, 34 - 101st Avenue, Kimberley, B.C. V1A 1A3, CANADA
(D12-8/88)

INTERNATIONAL

LONELY SON SEEKS BEAUTIFUL DAD: Masculine European W/M, 37, 6'-1", 155#, trim, hairy, well hung, short dark hair, sensitive, loyal, sensual, health conscious, non-promiscuous, genuinely attracted to older men, seeks masculine, warm, caring, affectionate gentleman over 55 for passionate uninhibited monogamous relationship. Any area. Want to relocate to America for right person. Light physical handicap and/or drinking okay. All detailed letters with photo(s) answered. Photo(s)--nude preferred--are essential. Please write: LONELY LOON, BM 8792, London WC1N3XX, ENGLAND
(Resides in Belgium)
(D06-10/88)

AUSTRALIA: Australian, living in Sydney, who has crept stealthily beyond the middle years, well preserved and active in all senses of the word, if a little overweight. Lived many years in Europe, familiar with the best in literature and the arts. Would like to hear from Americans, 25-45. Integrity, intelligence and the ability to disagree without rancour important. Reply to: "Ottumwa", 29 Milson Rd., Cremorne, Sydney 2090, AUSTRALIA. Replies assured and photo and biog. appreciated.
(R19-12/88)



BOB-NYC
photo by CRITTER

AUSTRALIA: Sincere, GWM, mature Leo, 60, 5'-9", 190 #, smoker and whisky drinker--no drugs and non scene. No Freudian hang ups, fortified by Catholic faith, civilised and urbane in manners and life style--Mozart, Albeniz, Keats, Shelley, etc.--chubbies from 55 to 75 or stretch a point to 85. Write: R.P.S., "Dalmeny Tor," 91-95 Bartle Road, Tamborine Mtn, Queensland 4272, AUSTRALIA. Tel. -075- 451474.
(S22-12/88)

LATE ARRIVING ADS:

SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 6'-2", 200#, blue eyes, brown and grey hair, husky/muscular build, 40 years old. I'm an avid sailor and outdoors type. Like most sports, gardening, cooking, films, travel, dining out. I'm also masculine, self-actualizing, educated, professional, sexually versatile and very romantic. Looking for self-assured, assertive, romantic older man, 50-?. Prefer average to large build, but attitude most important. Prefer San Diego County or South Florida but will answer all. Write: JPA, 2750 Wheatstone St., Box 59, San Diego, CA 92111, or call (619) 584-6634.
(A15-10/88)

CENTRAL FLORIDA: GWM, 43, 5'-10", 255#. Love to cuddle, touch and love older chubbies--the bigger the better. Haven't tried everything but am willing to learn with right teacher. Are you going to vacation in Florida? I promise I'm more fun than Mickey Mouse. Photo for photo. Will answer all. Write: Rick Hughes, P.O. Box 677223, Orlando, FL 32867.
(H28-10/88)

MISSOURI/NATIONWIDE: W/M, 31, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'-11", 230#, seeks older man (55 and over) for friend/companion or possible relationship. Prefer balding, overweight (George Schultz type) fellow who is down to earth and kind. No drugs or kinky stuff! Photo appreciated. Send to MAC, P.O. Box 19871, St. Louis, MO 63144
(M34-10/88)

COLUMBUS TOP MAN: Retired, youthful, masculine GWM, 59, 5'-7", 145#, non-smoking, light drinker, salt & pepper hair, balding on top, profusely hairy elsewhere. Dentured, 7+, uncut, thick, French A/P, 69, Gr/A HIV Neg, clean, safe, warm, caring, honest, sincere and expects same. Interest include travel, photography, videos, computers, cinema, bicycling. Seeking a mature, masculine, self-sufficient, down to earth friend, pen pal or travel companion 25-40, who enjoys TLC, affection, cuddling, making love, good sex, good times and companionship beyond the bedroom. Plusses are muscular, small to medium build. No pain, drugs, drunks or kinky stuff tolerated. Able to travel and entertain discreet visitors. Photo appreciated, will reciprocate. Write: BRANT
(B27-10/88)

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: 35, masculine, white, 5'-9", brown hair (slightly grey on sides), blue eyes, stocky/broad shoulders, moderately hairy, clean shaven, amateur musician, love most outdoor activities, looking for masculine, fun-loving man over 45, overweight o.k., balding and grey hair a plus. Photo appreciated, all replies answered. Write: NUTCRACKER.
(N05-12/88)

SENIOR CITIZEN HEAVEN: Hot, nude, black masseur, creates senior citizen's heaven for men over 6 feet, over 180#, over 40. Video, drink, mellow music, sensual, stimulating experience. Free for local men only. Write: L.R., P.O. Box 7441, Oakland, CA 94601
(R13-10/88)

CHUBBIES WANTED: GWM, 61, wants to meet chubby guys, over 250#, any age to 75. Send photo. Write: Richard Judge, 460 Charles St., Apt. 1011, Providence, RI 02904.
(J04-6/89)

NEW YORK. 49 year old GWM, 5'-10" of portly build and single, educated professional seeks older affectionate men Chest hair a plus but not essential. Honesty, sincerity and discretion important. Interested in music, theater, fine arts, foreplay. Not into Greek, fems, kinks, drugs or bar scene. Send photo if possible. All replies answered. Some travel possible. Write: HONEYCREEPER
(H30-10/88)

HEY, BIG DADDY. GWM, 40, 5'-8", 120#, 6" cut, young-looking, HIV negative, safe, sober, kittenish homebody. Need affection, not perfection. Old, fat, small cock, hangups all okay. Let's share simple, relaxed times and ease each other's loneliness. Write: Ira Orloff, 441 Walina St., #306, Honolulu, HI 96815. Tel: (808) 922-9492
(001-10/88)

MICHIGAN. GWM, 58, 5'-10", 220#, honest, sincere, sense of humor, versatile, like travel, easy listening music, theater, quiet evenings, not into bar scene. Write: H.T.F. 817 Frost St., Flint, MI 48507
(F06-10/88)

NASHVILLE: Black male, 47, 5'-9", 195 lbs, light complexion, brown eyes, dark brown hair, stocky build, 6" uncut, public relations professional. Seeking a masculine man over 40, any race, who is versatile, yet not into kink or mind games. Be someone who enjoys the arts, sane music and spectator sports. Be on the sedate side and savvy about current events. Can travel within a radius of 250-300 miles on weekends. Write: SWAN SUBSCRIBER, 1199 Murfreesboro Rd., Apt. C-5, Nashville, TN 37217.
(H29-12/88)

SEEKING MATURE MAN: Curly haired salt and pepper with beard interested in safe sex and other fantasies. GWM, 49, 6'-0", co-founder of NYC's USA. Likes one on one relationship. Enjoyed 4 year and 12 year relationships. Interests include exotic types, erotic possibilities, bodybuilding, foreskin restoration, exchanging porno video tapes, magazines, ideas, pictures. Write: J.L. Basch, 1804 Third Ave., #4, New York, NY 10029-6147.
(B26-8/88)

NORTH CAROLINA TOP MAN: Extra short crewcut, brown hair, blue eyes, 61 (but look ten years younger), 5'-10", 160#, small to medium uncut cock, seeks short, fat, uncut good-looking bottom with large tits, able to relocate together, anywhere south of here. I like dogs, books, CW music and dancing, raunchy sex, but am health conscious. Write: HARRIS' HAWK
(H31-8/88)

DEEP IN RURAL AMERICA: Lonely farmer, orally attracted to 40 thru 85+ year olds. Looks, physical condition and endowment are unimportant. Friends and partners wanted. Write: Chuck Jackson, R-83, Box 68, Ellenboro, WV 26346.
(J05-4/89)

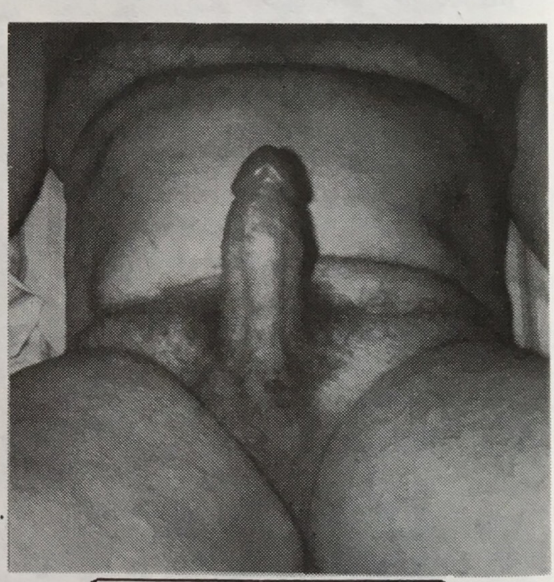
COLUMBUS AREA: GWM, 68, 5'-7", 175#, loves good music and quiet loving, uncut, could pass as only 55 young in looks. Hairy body is a real turn-on. Am clean and expect same. Possible relationship. Don't do drugs but will take drink. Short cut hair, straight appearing. Your photo gets mine. Nudist, seek man, 55 or older. Enjoys lots of close body contact. J/O and phallic worship, safe sex. Love to hug. Write: LONELY BIRD.
(M35-8/88)

STOCKY DUDE SEEKS STOCKIER DUDE: GWM, 58, 5'-8", 200#, masculine, bush pilot. Love outdoors. Very hairy. Prefer rugged sportsman or heavy equipment operator. Top man a plus, but who's perfect? I've got the perfect vacation spot for the fisherman, so check me out. Write: Bob Ford, P.O. Box 62, Roseville, MI 48066
(F03-8/88)

IF YOU ARE UNDER 40: and like your man to have a firm, well defined, worked out body, with great thighs and calves, then maybe this moderately hairy, 6 ft., 175 lb, 55 year old white man with brown hair, blue eyes and moustache is just what you are looking for. Good looks, masculinity, honesty, affection and easy going are all part of the package. You should be reasonably attractive, slim to slightly muscular, employed, safe sex and relationship oriented. Your recent photo gets mine. Kevin Arthur, 4391 Sunset Blvd. #557, Los Angeles, CA 90029.
(R12/88)

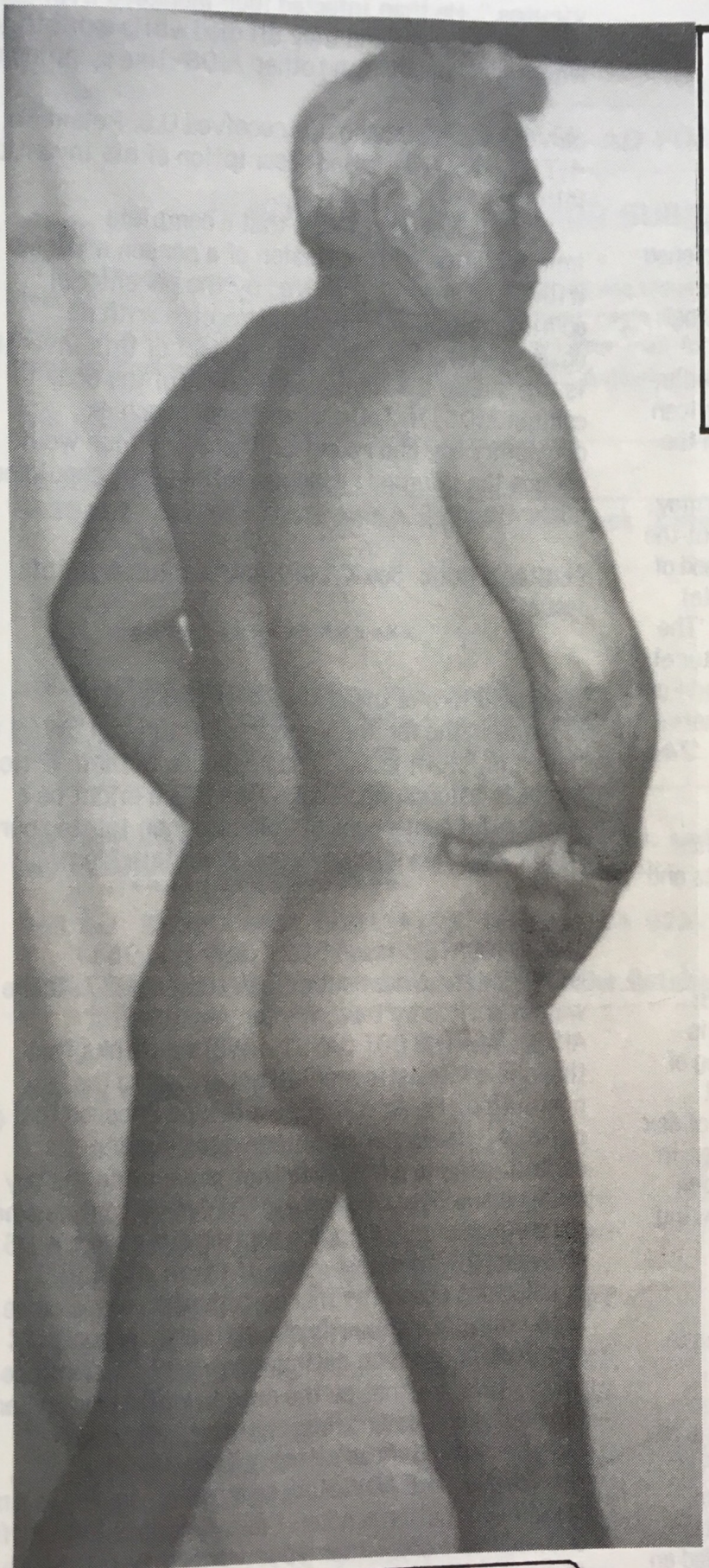
HARTFORD/SPRINGFIELD, MA: Horny, masculine, retired 60 year old, white, blue eyes, grey wavy hair, 5'-7", 160#, cut 5 1/2". Enjoy lots of foreplay, giving loads of pleasure to my partner. I also like Gr/P with condom, the bigger the better. Like French A/P, any size. How about it? Please write and we'll exchange photos. Write: Don, P.O. Box 846, Enfield, CT 06082.
(V01-8/88)

SWAN MODEL SEEKS 55+: GWM, 41, 5'-11", 200#, grey eyes and brown/grey hair seeks stocky, affectionate, considerate senior who shares my interests in musical theatre, opera, dining out, amusement parks, zoos and museums. I'm a computer nut and love to play cards. I'm also very flexible and can relocate for the right guy. Check me out in the August 88 issue. Write: SHAG (codeword).
(C12/88)



BEER CAN THICK photo by P.H. COLLEY

Editor's Note: When we closed out the personal ads, we ended up with a hole, so we added this "filler." How "fitting" to fill it with BEER CAN THICK's wonderful dick!



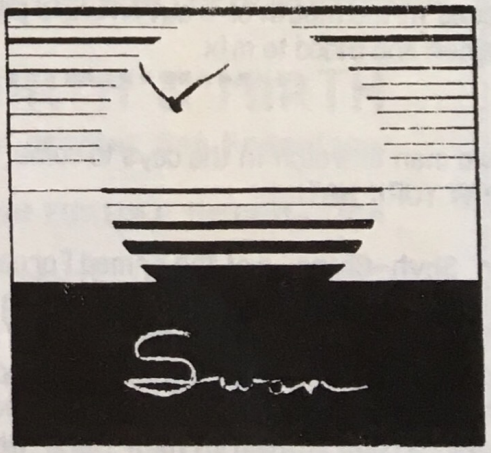
SELF PORTRAIT by SPITFIRE

BALL CLUB

For men who have 'em and men who want 'em, the BALL CLUB is an efficiently run correspondence/contact club with a lively, quarterly newsletter full of hot stories, articles, photos, drawings and hundreds of explicit, personal ads from members of all ages and ethnic backgrounds. If you're at all into this part of the male anatomy, you'll find what you want in the BALL CLUB. We're nationwide/worldwide. For free information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: BC/SW, P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769

GIRTH AND MIRTH CLUB OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

a club for chubby gay men and their admirers. For more information, call Ken or Cedric at (703) 461-9184 or write to us at P.O. Box 4814, Falls Church, VA 22044



NEWSFRONT

From Chicago AP: "Human saliva contains a factor that blocks the AIDS virus from infecting cells, indicating the body may have a natural defense against the deadly disease, priliminary studies indicate. 'Fears about kissing, contact with eating implements and ***so on*** (italics ours) could be dispelled by this kind of evidence,' said Enid Neidle, an assistant director of the Chicago-based American Dental Association, which reported the study in the May issue of its journal. 'Isolating and understanding the inhibitory element in saliva may help researchers learn how to naturally prevent the transmission of the virus,' said Philip Fox, head of clinical studies at the National Institute of Dental Research and senior investigator in the study. 'The significance is that it's a demonstration of a natural defense that people have against the AIDS virus,' Fox said Thursday in a telephone interview from the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, MD. ***'The research also provides a biological explanation of why the mouth isn't a transmission route for the disease*** (italics ours),' Fox said. 'That's good news for dentists and others concerned about catching AIDS through contact with the saliva of infected people."

****

THIS WEEK IN TEXAS- 2-26-88/3-3-88: "The Mayo Clinic says that insertion of the penis into the mouth, with ejaculation and swallowing of semen, is a possible--but probably infrequent --method of transmission of HIV infection. Oral sex is certainly safer than anal sex. The real danger in oral sex occurs when one has bleeding gums, open sores in the mouth or a cut on one's penis, allowing semen and blood to mix.

****

Two men to watch in the days to come, according to NEW YORK NATIVE:

Dr. Shyh-Ching Lo of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology has apparently discovered a new DNA virus which could be the real cause of AIDS. Lo presented his abstracts in Stockholm during the AIDS conference on June 10th and NYN published an advance copy of them in their June 6th issue. Lo apparently isolated a viral agent from Kaposi's sarcoma tissue of an AIDS patient and distinguished it from "all known members of human herpes viruses." He then infected four monkeys with the virus-like agent and they all died while exhibiting wasting syndromes and other AIDS-like symptoms.

Salvatore J. Catapano has received U.S. Patent No. 4,711,876. A detailed description of his invention follows:

"It has been found that a complete immunization and remission of a person afflicted with AIDS, may be achieved by the parenteral administration with typhoid vaccine with no observed toxicity. Since one object of this invention is to enhance the immune response of the body to combat AIDS, any other treatment, such as chemotherapy and radiation therapy which would reduce the immune response of the body, should be discontinued."

(Editor's Note: See XYLOPHANG's column in this issue.)

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We would like to thank Denver's OUT FRONT newsmagazine for the wonderful article on SWAN in their May 20th issue. The response to their article has been astounding. Looks like there might be a substantial contingent of Colorado men joining our ranks soon. Love those Rocky Mountain Men!!

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The ADVOCATE's Issue 502 (July 5, 1988) contained some real surprises. On page 27, there was an article by Dave Walter, entitled AIDS....WIPING OUT GAYS? Walter thinks that there is a fatalistic mentality pervading the gay population. He says that people who propose that gay culture is in danger of being wiped out are contributing to a hysteria that is harming the gay male community. He says, "The fact is, only a small percentage of gay men are coming down with AIDS, ARC, or HIV infection. Even if the most dire predictions about the increase in AIDS cases come true, simple arithmetic shows that between 80% and 90% of gay men nationwide will NOT develope AIDS. This may not be the case in New York or San Francisco or Los Angeles, but the world does not revolve around those cities." Then, on page 126, Pat Califia, THE ADVISER, devoted an entire column to SWAN. (Editor's note: I'm afraid that Pat Califia showed more class than your editor. We sincerely thank Pat for the plug.)

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PERSONAL AD FORM

PERSONAL ADS ARE FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY!

All subscribers over 55 are entitled to one free ad in one issue per year. For those under 55, your first ad will cost $10.00. Additional printing of ads, regardless of age, will cost $5.00 per issue. If you want a codeword assigned to your ad and have your mail forwarded to you, add $2.00 for each issue your ad will appear in. Please fill out **all** the following spaces:

THE NAME WE KNOW YOU AS:_____ **AD DURATION:**_____ **Issues**

AD HEADING: (all caps)_____
MESSAGE: (Try to limit to 60 words. Use back if more space needed.)

AD CLOSING: (If requesting codeword, state here. Otherwise, use real name, alias or initials, followed by where you want replies mailed to. Do not use "Occupant" or "Box Holder" with P.O. boxes or drop boxes)_____
_____

I hereby authorize SWAN to publish the above ad, and I take full responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident. (Sign)_____

Mail to: SWAN, 4864 LUNA #191, PHELAN, CA 92371

NOTE: The deadline for receipt of ads for the October 88 issue is August 31, 1988.

LIST OF ADVERTISERS

FERNANDO'S MASSAGE	10
JONATHAN KAROL TAPES	17
GARY R. RUFFINO'S NEO-REICHIAN THERAPY	17
ASTROLOGY BY WILD BILL AND J.J. DODGE	17
DATA BOY	20
TRAVEL ADVISORS	25
GENE'S MASSAGE	35
AARON'S MODELS	39
BALL CLUB	59
GIRTH & MIRTH OF WASHINGTON D.C.	59
JOINT VENTURE	62
GIRTH & MIRTH OF NEW YORK	62
SIRCO	63

THE OLDEST SOCIAL CLUB FOR GAY BIG MEN & THEIR ADMIRERS

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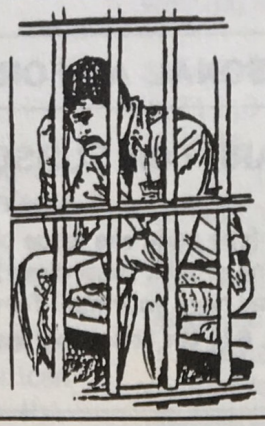
LATE ANNOUNCEMENT

Anyone in the New York/ New Jersey/ Connecticutt metro area interested in starting up a Prime Timers Club like the fantastic club in Boston, please call KEN at (201) 592-6690 or write to Ken Gould., 421 Park Place, Apt. 2 G Fort Lee, NJ 07024



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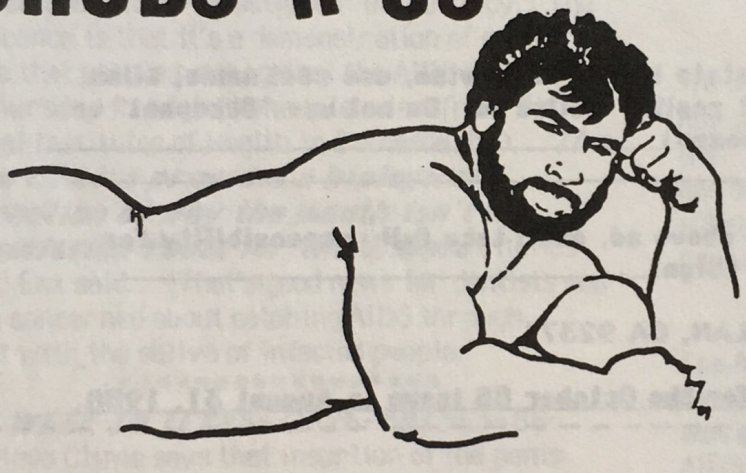

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Editor's Note: The following clip-out is included expressly for SWAN readers, who, for one reason or another, do not want to subscribe, but want to help us survive. If you are a subscriber, please disregard.

DEAR SWAN: I am one of those guys who cannot subscribe to your magazine for personal reasons and must rely on my SWANERO friend to loan or give me his copy. I know that my friend has purchased his copy and can do anything he wants with it, but I still feel that you should have an occasional shot in the arm from guys like me to help you stay afloat. Therefore, here is my way of saying, "Thanks for helping the older guy, SWAN! Here's a $____bill to help offset your expenses." Sign me.....AN ANONYMOUS FRIEND

SWAN ANNOUNCES YET ANOTHER SPECIAL ISSUE !!!

Available September 1, 1988, this best yet Special Issue offers 50 all new photographs which are a little too much for our regular issue, along with 10 incredible drawings and some of the most sizzling fiction we've ever done.

JOE & HARRY get all decked out in just Mardi Gras beads and show us how it's done. Then, they get all "leathered" up and ***really*** get it on!

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KENT and THE COLONEL find a hunk (THE PROFESSOR) who is just as hairy as THE COLONEL and brings out the camera when the sparks begin to fly.

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I certiry that I'm over 21 years of age and acknowledge that I am requesting sexual, gay oriented materials. I am not a law enforcement official, postal inspector or member of any censorship group. I will not exhibit this material to a minor or expose it to any person whose privacy or sensibilities might be offended. (Signed):

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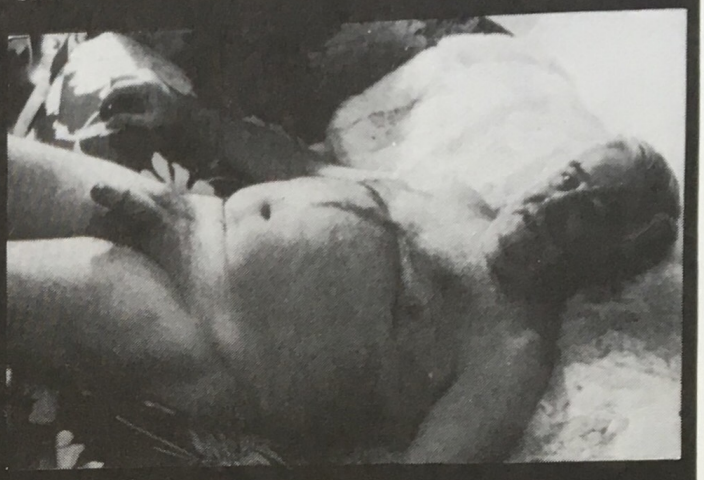

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IN CLOSING

Have you recently browsed through a book store and really taken a good look at the types of books they're selling now days? An incredible amount of books are published each month and they span every genre imaginable. Consider only books of fiction which portray (or merely allude to) sexual activity. Notice that the vast majority feature heterosexual behavior. Let's say that .01% of all those books on the shelves feature gay sexual activity, okay? So, what are these books about?

Well, most books exclusively present young characters and publishers seem to be hooked on subjects like "how I came out" or "I'm gay because..." Anything here we SWAN types can really sink our teeth into? Don't think so. Besides, so many of them depress us with dark, disturbing plots and there is not a happy ending in sight. Isn't escapism a valid reason to read a book?

Then there are those "elite" gay authors who write like William Burroughs or Jean Genet or, God forbid, the book reviewers in the NEW YORK TIMES, effectively excluding 99.9% of us who haven't a fucking clue as to what they are talking about (and some wonder if the other .1% are just pretending to understand).

Notice how many early gay novels are being revived nowdays. They're even reviving those which ***lightly*** hint at being about gay people. Are even the younger gay readers becoming tired of the same old stuff?

Judging from our mail lately, older gay readers are certainly tired of the same old crap and they're enthusiastic about what we've been publishing lately. Our readers don't want to read about some 19 year old's coming out and they don't want to be confronted with page after page of nothing but suck and fuck and suck and fuck. For sure, they don't want half of their characters to die of AIDS (enough of their friends of dying in real life!). Oh sure, they want erotic literature, but they don't want a steady diet of it. They want something which will enrich, heat, tickle, inform, scare and excite them. They want to see older gay and bisexual men featured in every genre, from science fiction to mystery to adventure to horror to erotic. So who's doing something about it?

We are, that's who. And we are joined by people like KENN RICHIE, MARSH CASSADY, LARRY KERNE, PUG SNIDER and OCHO. You will see history being made right here on these pages and it will spill over into other publications as well.

At least three of these very talented men are currently working on novels. They will be honest, intelligent works, filled with pathos, humor and electricity. Their characters will be substantive, mature, homosexual and bisexual men and women, who have already found and accepted themselves. We think big here, so stay tuned for a GAY EPIC in the near future. Hell, why not? Picture, if you will, Rhet Butler saying, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn" to Red O'Reilly instead of Scarlet O'Hara.

****

SWAN is committed to providing nurturing fantasies, entertainment and helpful articles for the well being and dignity of all gay and bisexual seniors and those who love and care for them. We are dedicated to the celebration and pursuit of the Silver Centaur .....May we all find one another and bring peace into our lives.

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